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THE ROYAL JESTER.

THE *French King* having a Lady in his private Apartment, commanded that no one should enter till his Majesty gave Orders for his being seen. An Officer happening to come at that Time with an Express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a Lady in Green had come out of the King's Closet, soon after which he was introduced; and enquiring of his Majesty's Welfare, the King told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recover'd. The Officer reply'd, I believe your Majesty was troubled with the *Green Sickness*, for I saw it go out at the Door.

A Gentleman coming into a Choir, where there was none of the best Musick in the World, hearing them singing, *Have Mercy upon us miserable Sinners*. Ay, says he, they might very well have said, *Have Mercy upon us miserable Singers*.

A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar; a Gentleman to whom he apply'd himself, ask'd him a Question in *Latin*. The Fellow shaking his Head, said, He did not understand him:

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Why,

Why, said the Gentleman, did not you say you were a poor Scholar? *Yes*, reply'd the other, *a poor one, indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin.*

A Parson and Clerk having a Mind for a Whet before Service began, went to a Tavern, but drinking rather too much, the Pastor, while his Deputy was singing a Psalm, fell asleep in his Pulpit; the Clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the Psalm twice over; but finding the faithful Shepherd still sleeping, jogg'd him, and said, *Sir, It is out.* To which the Parson loudly answer'd, *Why then fill another*, supposing himself still in the Tavern.

A Dutch Maiden Lady being very much indisposed, sent for a Physician. A Boor Servant being over Curious, stood upon the Listen to hear his Mistress's Discourse to the Doctor: The Lady began with telling him she was much troubled with the Cholic; but accidentally as she was speaking, let a little Wind slip backwards, which the Doctor hearing, told her it was worth a Guinea. Upon which the Servant bursting into the Room, let a swinging Fart, crying out, *If that's worth one Guinea, here's one worth Twenty.*

A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begg'd he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard, *for who knows*, said he, *But it may bear the same Fruit.*

A Gentlewoman who thought her Servants always cheated when they went to *Billingsgate* to buy Fish, was resolv'd to go thither herself, and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-woman about half what she ask'd. Lord, Madam, said the Woman,



man, I must have stole it to sell it at that Price; but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands so white? Nothing, good Woman, answer'd the Lady, but wear Dog-skin Gloves. D—n you for a lying B——h, reply'd the other, my Husband has wore Dog-skin Breeches these ten Years, and his —— is as brown as a Nutmeg.

A Gentleman who had been out a shooting, brought home a small Bird with him, and having an *Irish* Servant, he ask'd him if he had shot that little Bird? Yes, he told him. *Arrah! by my Shoul, Honey,* reply'd the *Irishman*, *it was not worth Powder and Shot; for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.*

A Gentleman happening to turn up against a House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by, 'till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked what made them so merry? O! Lord, said one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

Mr. G——n, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go Home with all Haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister; the Patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger.* Yes, indeed *is there,* answered the Surgeon; *for if the Fellow don't set up a good pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.*

A certain Nobleman, who had too much Fortitude and Greatness of Soul, to be shaken with every Breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and one Morning, when it was reported that the *Roman* Catholicks were about to rise, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone,* says he,

he, *all Dublin is up. Why, what's o'Clock?* says the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord,* answer'd the Gentleman. *Why then, truly,* says his Lordship, with seeming Unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every Man shou'd be up at ten o'Clock.*

I happen'd once, since these great Hoops were in Fashion, to be at a Christning, when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Discretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it seems, was also a very little Man. *'Tis surprizing to me,* says the Lady, *that Miss * * * who we all know to be a Girl of good Sense, shou'd ever think of such a diminutive Animal; why I cou'd hide fifty of them under my Petticoat.*—Madam, quoth the Gentleman, *I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.*

George Ch——n, who was always accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady, one Day, what it was o'Clock? She told him her Watch stood: *I don't wonder at that, Madam,* said he, *when it is so near your ——.*

A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Insufficiency, and being in the Court, she humbly desir'd of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be oblig'd to speak it, for Modesty's Sake: The Judge gave her that Liberty, and the Clerk was immediately ordered to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she would write. Says the Clerk to her, Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen. *Truly, Sir,* says she, *that's just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any further.*

A Scotchman was very angry with an Englishman, who he said had abus'd him, and call'd him *False Scot.* Faith, Sir, you are quite mistaken, quoth the
the

the *Englishman*, for I said you were a *True-Scot*.

A Gentleman said of a young Wench who constantly ply'd about the *Temple*, that if she had as much Law in her *Head*, as she had in her *Tail*, she would be one of the *ablest Council* in *England*.

Mr. *E—ll—s*, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson* the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. *E—ll—s* designed to have a *Met-zotinto* Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under it. Then, said old *Johnson*, I'll give you one: *A Fig for the Irish*.

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, ask'd, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was? *Pse* *Yerkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha lived Sixteen Years here*. I wonder, replied the Gentleman, *that in so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself*. *Ay*, answered the Ostler, *but Maister's Yerkshire too*.

A Child was to be christened, and the Man said to his Wife, Who dost thou think will be Godfather? Marry I don't know, said she; why, *Will Johnson*; O the Father, says she, will he be here?

One told another who was not us'd to be cloth'd often, that his new Coat was too short for him; that's true, said he, *but it will be long enough before I get another*.

Gun Jones, who had rais'd a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was ask'd, how he cou'd have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who
knew

knew him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A—e? You lye, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*, for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A—e.

King *Henry* the VIIIth appointing a Nobleman to go an Embassy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening Letter to so hot a Prince as *Francis* I. might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, says old *Harry*; if the *French* King shou'd take away your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power. *But of all these Heads*, reply'd the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, espy'd a young Fellow and a Lass very busy near a Five-Bar-Gate, in one of his Fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young Man, *No Harm, Farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.*

A certain Author was telling Mr. *Sewel* that a Passage he found Fault with in his Poem, might be justified, and that he thought it a *Metaphor*. It is such a one then, said the Doctor, as truly I never *met-a-fore*.

Mr. Serjeant *G—d—r*, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before the late Judge *Fortescue*, who had little or no *Nose*, the Judge told him, He was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. Oh! my Lord, said the Serjeant, *have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose in your Face.*

A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whittings, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it; but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was a whispering to it, and

and then took up the Plate, and put it to his own Ear. The Gentleman, at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, He told him, that he had a Brother lost at Sea about a *Fortnight ago*, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any thing of him: And what Answer made he, said the Gentleman? *He told me*, replied the other, *that he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these three Weeks.*

I would not have any of my Readers apply this Story as an unfortunate Gentleman did once, who the next Day after he had first heard it, was whispering a stinking *Rump of Beef*, at a Friend's House.

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another, the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living: How often, said one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, answered the other, in case of a *Storm*, or the Apprehension of any Danger from the Enemy: Ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that; but my Master makes us go to Prayers when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

A Person in Company railing against a Gentleman lately deceas'd, one of them to vindicate him, said, He thought him not so very bad as had been represented, adding, to my Knowledge, he was very *Charitable*, and that you know covers a Multitude of *Sins*. So it ought, said another, for he had a *Multitude to cover*.

A young Fellow, who fancied himself a good Player, resolv'd to take to the Stage, and having offer'd his Service to the Proprietor of *Covent-Garden-House*, was desir'd to speak some Lines of Tragedy by Way of Probation, before the great Mr. *Quin*. While he was tearing away his Tragedy-Speech,

Speech, a Dog, who belong'd to some of the Company, set up a howling, which drown'd the Voice of the Actor: Hereupon Mr. *Quin* ask'd whose Dog it was? and being answer'd. *He's a Dog of Judgment, by Jove*, says he, and then turn'd away on his Heel.

Another came also to offer himself, whose Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to the said Mr. *Quin*, he ask'd if he had ever play'd any Parts in Comedy? The former answer'd, Yes; he had play'd *Abel* in the *Alchymist*. *I am rather of Opinion you play'd Cain*, says *Quin*, *for I am certain you murder'd Abel*.

There being a great Disturbance one Night at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, the late Mr. *Wilkes*, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand, *This is no Civil Orange, I think*, said he.

A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, another Player, received from him a smart Box of the Ear; a few Days after, the Poetical Player having lost his Snuff-Box, was making strict Enquiry if any Body had seen his Box. *What*, said another of the Theatrical Punsters, *that which George Powel gave you the other Night?*

Mr. *H——rr——n*, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in *Ireland*, being one Night in the Pit at the Play-house in *Dublin*, *Monacca Gaul*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hands under her Petticoats. *Nay*, Mr. Commissioner, said she, *you'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly enter'd*.

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on; ask'd him the Reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no Man that comes here drink any longer *than he can stand*.

A Gentleman came to a Widow's House, and she presented him with a Cup of small Beer; so coming a Week afterwards, salutes him with another Cup of the same Beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the Beer to you, for indeed it is dead; to which he reply'd, *that may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here last*.

Two Citizens passing through a Country-Village, saw a very fair House, not inhabited; says one, *If I had this House at London, it should not stand here so long empty*.

A merry Gentleman riding on the Road, saw a Boy foul his Breeches. *Why Sirrah*, said he, *are you not ashamed to make a Fool in your Breeches?* Alas! Sir, said the Boy, you make a worse of your Doublet, to button up such an *Aff* in it.

The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner, where the Soop was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same Time breaking Wind backwards: *It is well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid*.

A Scotch Parson in the Rump Time, in his babbling Prayer, said, *Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together*. A Country Fellow standing by, said, *Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the Prayers of all good People*. But, Friends, said Sawney, I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. *No matter what Cord*, replied the other, *so 'tis but a strong Cord*.

An *Honest Highlander*, walking along *Holbourn*, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue, Scot, Rogue, Scot*; his

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Northern

Northern Blood, fir'd at the Insult, drew his broad Sword, looking round him on every Side, to discover the Object of his Indignation; at last he found that it came from a Parrot, perched in a Balcony within his Reach: But the *Generous Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, put up his Sword again, with a sour Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Man, as ye're a Green Geuse, I would split your Weem.*

A *Scotch* Parson preaching upon these Words, *Resist the Devil, and he will fly from you*, began thus: My Beloved, you are all here To-day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickel horned Devil. Ye cannot see him; but by the Eye of Faith I see him. But some of you will say, What shall we do with him now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas, my Beloved, there are not so many Tows in the Parish as will hang him, he is as light as a Feather. Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Humph, my Beloved, there is too much Cork in his Arse, he's as souple as an Eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say, we will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your Sals, but ye canna burn him, for all the Fire in Hell could never yet singe a Hair of his Tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a Way among you all to kill him, but I will find it. What Way will this be, Sirs? We shall even shoot him. Where-with shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So, presenting the Bible, as Soldiers do their Muskets, he cries out, *Toott, toott, toott*, Now he is shot; there lies the foul Thief as dead as a Heron.

The Reverend Mr. *Brodie* preaching one Day at the Kirk in *Edinburgh*, on Hell Torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme Cold they suffered there. And it being at that Time.

Time very cold Weather, one of his Congregation, after Sermon, took upon him to ask him the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preached it up to be the Reverse. O Sir, said he, *I had good Reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*

An Irishman having a Looking-Glass in his Hand, shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face; another asking him, Why he did so? Upon my Shoul, says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw.* She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, Sir, *I wish I could, in Return, say as much by you.* So you may, by G—, Madam, said he, *and lie as I did.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laugh'd at by all who came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, That he had a happy Quality of laughing at all who laugh'd at him. Then, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

A French Courtier who was a little suspected of Imbecillity, one Day meeting the Poet Benferand, who had often jeer'd him: Sir, said he, for all your silly Jests, my Wife was brought To-bed of a Boy two Days ago. Faith, reply'd Benferand, *I never question'd your Wife.*

Peter Walters one Day being a little severe on a Gentleman who did not want Wit, was ask'd by him, how the D—l he came to be so witty, and where he got it all? Why, says Peter, *I am sure Nature never gave me any; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many Estates of Men of Wit, and they always gave me their Wit into the Bargain.*

An Under *Sheriff* in *Sussex*, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a *Friday*, went to him the *Wednesday* before, to ask the following Favour: My good Friend, says the *Sheriff*, you know I have Orders to see you executed next *Friday*; now it so falls out, that I have Business of the utmost Importance to do at *London* on that Day, and as you must die so soon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd be hang'd on *Thursday* Morning. To which the Prisoner replied, 'Tis very true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular; for it also so falls out with me, that I have some Business of great Importance to do on *Friday* Morning; but, Mr. *Sheriff*, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful Man; suppose we put off this said hanging till *Monday* Morning: If you like that, Mr. *Sheriff*, I'll do it with all my Heart.

A young Gentlewoman, lately arrived from *Barbadoes*, came to *Leadenhall* Market, to buy a Scrag of Mutton for Broth; for which the Butcher ask'd Nine-pence. That's too much, said she, cut it off, Sir, and I'll give you a *Bit* * for it. D—n your *Bit*, Madam, I want none of your *Bits*, reply'd the Butcher; I've a much better *Bit* than you at Home.

Two Gentlemen, having Words in a Tavern, at length fell to fighting with their Canes; a Stander by, observing one of them to strike his Antagonist over the Head, while the other only belabour'd the Sides and Shoulders; after the Fray was over, ask'd the latter, why he did not strike upon the Head also? Oh! Sir, said he, if I had

* A *Bit* in *Barbadoes* is a Piece of Money valued at 7 d.

hit him over the Head, I shou'd have broke my Cane.

A Journeyman Shoemaker having a Kindness for his Mistress; his Master being out of Town, he importuned her to let him lie with her; but she said no, faintly. When Night came, he gets into his Mistress's Bed before she came, and draws the Curtains close about him; she not knowing any Thing of him, undrest and got into Bed. Which she had no sooner done, but she felt something stir; Who is there, said she? 'Tis I Mistress, says he. O you Rogue, you Dog, how dare you offer such a Thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an Example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you, don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, *you did not hear me bid you begone; now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another Thing, I protest, as I am an honest Woman, I will tell your Master.*

A Taylor said, he was so tender-hearted, that he could not kill a Louse; another told him, It proceeded from faint Heartedness, because he had not the Heart to see his own Blood.

A Gentlewoman lov'd a Doctor of Physick, and to enjoy him, feign'd herself Sick; the Doctor being sent for in all Haste, went up and staid with her an Hour. When he came down, her Husband ask'd him how she did? O, says he, she has had two such extream Fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your Heart ake.

A Man and his Wife was chiding together, one advised them to agree as *Man and Wife* should do; *Why, so we do,* says he, *for we are like a Pack of Cards, shuffle with one another all Day long, but at Night lie close together as Friends.*

A young Parson lost his Way in a Forest, and being very cold and rainy, he happen'd upon a
poor

poor Cottage, and desir'd any Lodging or Hay-loft to lie in, and some Fire to dry him; the Man told him, he and his Wife had but one Bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The Parson thank'd him, and kindly accepted of it. In the Morning, the Man rose to go to Market, and meeting with some of his Neighbours, he fell a Laughing. They ask'd him, what made him so merry about the Mouth? Why, says he, I can but think how sham'd the Parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a Bed with my Wife.

One Mr. *Man*, Master of the Ship, call'd the *Moon*, used to be very familiar with a Gentlewoman; and her Husband tax'd her with another Gentleman; she swore, she knew him no more than she did the *Man* in the *Moon*.

A Scholar blowing his Fire, the Nose of the Bellows dropt off; says he, I see it's cold *Weather*, for the Nose of the Bellows drops.

A Quaker, that was a Barber, being sued by the Parson for Tythes; *Yea and Nay* went to him and demanded the Reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never Dealings with him in his whole Life: *Why*, says the Parson, *it is for Tythes*. *For Tythes*; says the Quaker, *I pr'ythee, Friend, upon what Account?* *Why*, says the Parson, *for Preaching in the Church*. *Alas! then*, reply'd the Quaker, *I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there*. *Oh! but you might*, says the Parson, *for the Doors are always open at convenient Times*. And thereupon told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his Due. *Yea and Nay*, hereupon shak'd his Ears, and making several wry Faces, departed, and immediately enter'd his Action (it being a Corporation Town) against the Parson for forty Shillings: The Parson, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a Disgrace upon him? and for what did he owe him
the

the Money? *Truly, Friend, reply'd the Quaker, for Trimming. For Trimming, said the Parson; Why I was never trimm'd by you in my Life; Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimm'd, if thou hadst pleas'd, for my Doors are always open at convenient Times as well as thine.*

One that had the looking after a Chapel, gave a Charge to the rest, to let in none of the Croud before the great Persons were come and seated; thereupon going to the Vestry, and looking into the Chapel, he espy'd a great many People; at which, being angry, he told one of the Vergers, I am afraid you'll be turn'd out of your Place, for you have fill'd the Chapel full of People before any body comes in.

One having been very extravagant, writ to his Father to supply him with Money, and us'd all Means, but nothing would prevail; he very ingeniously writ his Father Word he was dead, and desir'd him to send up Money to pay for his Burial.

One said a Prison was a good Instrument of Reformation; for it made many lewd Persons staid Men.

A Country-Fellow, thatching of a House, had an arch Boy to serve him with Straw: At last, a great Hog came by them, and turn'd up his Snout, as if he were list'ning; says the Thatcher to the Boy, What does the Hog think now? O, says the Boy, I'll warrant you he's hatching of Mischief; and while he was busy at his Work on the Ladder, the Boy hunted the Hog under it, and jostling against it, down comes the Ladder, Man and all: Pox on you, says he to the Hog, 'tis true as the Boy said, you are hatching of Mischief indeed, for I think my Shoulder Bone is out; and if ever I thatch any more Houses, I'll make my Bargain they shall tie up their Hogs.

One

One ask'd a Scullion of a Kitchen, (who was very witty) How he came to have so much Wit; he answer'd, *Why where should it be unless in the Skull.*

Henry the Fourth, of France, being given to the Love of other Women, besides his Queen, was sharply reprov'd by a rich Abbot, his Confessor; which the King seem'd to take very well, and invited him that Day to dine with him, where the Abbot fed heartily upon a Dish of roasted Partridges, which the King observing, asked him, Why he did not eat of some other Dishes which he thought better. The Abbot told the King nothing could be better to him than roasted Partridges, for it was his beloved Dish above all others. The next Day the King caus'd the Abbot to be arrested for High Treason, and committed close Prisoner to the *Bastile*, with a strict Command to the Keeper to let him have no Meat but Partridges; which at first pleas'd the Abbot, but having been fed with nothing but that Diet for a Week together, he began to nauseate it: At eight Day's End, the King sent for him, under the Pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a Confession of the Treason he charg'd him with, the Abbot pleaded his Innocence, and confessed Nothing: Well, said the King, since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to Prison again; To which the Abbot reply'd, I beseech your Majesty, if I must still be confin'd, that I may be order'd some other Diet. Why, what Diet have you said the King? Nothing, said the Abbot, but Partridges. Why, said the King, you told me, that was the Diet you lov'd above any Thing in the World. 'Tis true, I do so, says the Abbot; but to be always fed with Partridges, that makes me loath it, and desire other Diet. *Very well*, reply'd the King, *'Tis just so with me, my Lord, I love my Queen above all Women in the World,*
but,

but, my Lord, always the Queen, always the Queen, this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire Change of Diet, as well as you do; and so laughing at the Abbot, set him again at Liberty.

A Man having a wry Nose, one told him, he knew what his Nose was made on, and what it was not made on. *Why*, said he, *how's that?* *Why*, says the other, 'tis not made of *Wheat*, 'tis made o' *Wry*.

A Man passing through a Church-yard, said to his Friend, *Well Cousin, if I live, and do well, I'll be buried in this Place.*

Three Citizens walking in the Fields, one said, *We should have a great Year of Blackberries; for*, said he, *The last Week, I pluck'd a Handful of the fairest Red Blackberries that ever I saw.* A second Person laugh'd at him, saying, *Red Blackberries is a Bull.* But the third Person, with much Gravity, justify'd what the former had said, and very sagely questions, *Are not Blackberries always red when they are green?*

A Gentleman being at a Tavern, seeing a Salt-seller of foul Salt, call'd very angrily to the Drawer, and bid him bring up some fresh Salt.

A beautiful young Creature of thirteen Years of Age, being to be married to a strapping Fellow of about thirty, the young Lady's Mother was severely rallied at a Tea-Table Conversation, for consenting to such an unequal Match: The old Gentlewoman said, in her Defence, *That she had much rather her Daughter should smart than itch.*

Dr. M——d coming out of Tom's Coffee-House, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and accosted him with a Request to lend him five Guineas; Sir, said the Doctor, *I am surprized that you should apply to me for such a Favour, who do not know you!* Oh, dear Sir, reply'd the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason; for those who do, won't lend me a Farthing.*

In a Visit Queen *Elizabeth* made to the famous Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, at a small Country-Seat, which he had built for himself before his Preferment; she ask'd him, *How it came that he made himself so small a House?* It is not I, Madam, answered he, *who have my House too small for myself, but your Majesty, who have made me too big for my House.*

King *William III.* being upon a March, for some secret Expedition, was intreated by a General to tell him what his Design was: The King, instead of satisfying him, ask'd him, *Whether, in case he should tell him, he could keep it a Secret, and would let it go no farther, the General promised it should not.* Well, answer'd his Majesty, *I know how to keep a Secret as well as you.*

Mr. T———s C———r, the Comedian, coming one Day to his Father, begg'd him to let him have an Hundred Pounds, which would make him perfectly easy in his Affairs. Why, *The.* said the Father, it is very strange you can't live upon your Salary, your Benefit, and other Advantages; when I was of your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I do not know that,* answer'd the Son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many Hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

An ordinary Country Fellow being called as an Evidence in a Court of Judicature, in a Cause where the Terms of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee* were frequently used, the Judge ask'd the Countryman if he knew the Difference between the *Mortgager* and the *Mortgagee*: Yes, said he, it is the same as between the *Nodder* and *Noddee*. How is that? reply'd the Judge. Why, you sit there, my Lord, said the Clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *Nodder*, and your Lordship is the *Noddee*.

Two Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, *Why he look'd so sad?* I have very good Reason for

for it, answer'd the other; poor *Jack Such-a-one*, the greatest Crony and best Friend I had in the World, was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, said the first? Alas, replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion; he found a Bridle in the Road, and took it up. What, answered the other, hang a Man for taking a Bridle! That's hard indeed. *Ay*, said he, *but to tell the Truth of the Matter, there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

Queen *Elizabeth* having taken Notice of the Duke de *Villa Medina's* gallant Behaviour at a Tournament, told him one Day, that she would absolutely know who his Mistress was: *Villa Medina* excused himself a-while, but at last yielding to her Curiosity, he promised to send her her Picture. The next Morning he sent her Majesty a Packet; wherein the Queen finding nothing but a small Looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's Meaning.

A Dyer, in a Court of Justice, being order'd to hold up his Hand that was all black: *Take off your Glove, Friend*, said the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord*, answer'd the Dyer.

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune could well bear, and the Regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great Part of his Equipage; a few Days after, as he was walking by the Road Side, he saw one of his Soldiers sitting lousing himself under an Hedge: *What are you doing there, Tom*, said the Officer. *Why Faith, Sir*, answered the Soldier, *I am following your Example, getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

A Man of Quality in the Country, whose Wife had not the best Reputation in the World, and whose Children had been very short liv'd, looking earnestly one Day upon a Peasant sitting at

his own Door, with five or six lusty Boys about him. *Prithee, honest Fellow,* said my Lord, *how do you poor Folks do to get so many brave healthy Children, when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handsomely, can get none that will live? Why, an't please your Lordship,* answered the Bumpkin, *we poor Folks e'en take Pains to get them ourselves.*

A certain great Lord having, by his Extravagancies, run over Head and Ears in Debt; and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his Friends told him, one Day, That he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed, whilst he was so much in Debt. *For my Part,* said my Lord, *I sleep very well, but I wonder how my Conditions can.*

A Gascon, one Day reading in Company, a Letter he had just received from his Father, who therein acquainted him, that he was threatened with an Assessment, which would be very hard upon him, whose whole Estate was not above two hundred Livres *per Annum*. This Sum was written in Figures, thus (200.) But the Gascon reading two Thousand instead of two Hundred, a Lady that stood behind him, and read the Letter without uttering a Word, so that he could not perceive her, hearing him say two Thousand; *Hold, hold, Sir,* said she, *there are but two Hundred. Let me be hang'd,* said he, turning about to her, *if the Coxcomb,* meaning his Father, *has not forgot a Cypher.*

Another Gascon Officer, who had served under Henry IV. King of France, and not having received any Pay for a considerable Time, came to the King, and confidently said to him, *Sir, three Words with your Majesty, Money or Discharge. Four with you,* answered his Majesty, *neither one, nor t'other.*

A certain Italian having wrote a Book upon the Art of making Gold, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in
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Hopes of a good Reward. His Holiness finding the Man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty Purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make Gold, you can have no Need of any Thing but a Purse to put it in.*

A proud Parson, and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parson ask'd him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat; the same, said the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Parish*. The Parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Master's Message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his Master wanted a *Fool*. *Why are You going away then,* said the Shepherd. *No,* answered the other. *Then you may tell your Master,* reply'd the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain Three of us.*

An old Woman, who had a very handsome Daughter, had a great Jealousy and Fear, that one Mr. *John Turner*, a young Fellow in the Neighbourhood, had a great Mind to be too busy with her; and, as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very Fact upon the Bed in the Garret; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal Groan, *O! John Turner! John Turner!* No, I think, Mother, said he, *She lies very well already.*

An idle young Lad, being lounging about in the Kitchen, in a Gentleman's House, one Sunday Morning, when all the Family were at Church, but the Cook-Maid and a Groom, who had a Mind to be about a little Business by themselves; the Wench asked him why he did not go to Church as the rest of the Family did? The Boy said, he never was at Church in his Life, and did not
know

know what to do when he came there, and knew no one that was there. O, said she, you are to do nothing yourself, but mind what other People do and say, and as for Acquaintance there, you'll find enough, and those that have the most Business there. You know Mr. *Johnson*, said she, the Parson; yes, very well, answered the Boy: And Mr. *Adams* the Clerk, said she: Ay, to be sure, replied the Boy, what will they be there? Well, they're very civil People, I shall come to no Harm in their Company; and so away he marched. But in less than half an Hour the Boy came running Home again in a terrible Fright: Why, what's the Matter, *Tom*, cry'd the Cook-Maid, is Church done already? Nay, said the Boy, I know not whether or no the Church be done, but I am sure there's a great deal of Mischief done by this Time. How so, said the Maid? It's all owing to that Rogue *Adams*, said the Boy, I shall never have a good Opinion of him again, as long as I live. Mr. *Johnson* and he have had a lamentable Battle. Mr. *Johnson* got up into a Place and spoke very mildly and very civilly, I thought, to Mr. *Adams*, and to be sure he gave him two Words for one, and I don't know how many People joined with him; then Mr. *Johnson* spoke again to pacify them, but *Adams* and all his Gang were immediately at him again, and so they went on for a long Time, no Body taking poor Mr. *Johnson's* Part; however he talked so, that he made them quiet for a good while; but, upon some Word, I suppose, that was taken amiss, up started *Adams*, and called for two *Staves* at once, and then all the People fell into such a Ha-lo-bo-loo, that I ran out of the Church, and I wish they have not killed poor Mr. *Johnson* by this Time.

As the last mentioned Lad seemed to know very little of what belonged to the Care of his Soul, so that Lad had as little Regard to his Body,
who

who running along the Gunnel of a Ship, with a Can of Flip in his Hand, of which he was to have a Part himself, when a Cannon Ball came suddenly, and took off one of his Legs, *Look you there now, Damn it, said he, all the Flip's spilt.*

Lord Falkland, the Author of the Play, called *The Marriage-Night*, was chose very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the Members opposed his Admission, urging, *That he had not sowed his wild Oats*; then, reply'd he, *it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.*

When Mrs. W——n first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-Lane Playhouse, coming off the Stage into the Green-Room, I believe, said she, that one Half of the House take me really for a Man: To which said Mrs. Clive, *but the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

A School-Master asking one of his Boys, in a sharp wintry Morning, what was *Latin* for *Cold*, the Boy hesitating a little, what Sirrah, said he, can't you tell? Yes, yes, replied the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

Two Persons, Male and Female, having at once met with three irresistible Temptations, Time, Place, and Consent, made use of the Occasion, and were very wickedly busy, but the Wench being more troubled about her Credit than Conscience, crys to him, *If this should come out, I am utterly undone*; to which the young Fellow answer'd, *And if it do not I am sure I shall be utterly undone.*

A Nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine Horse, his Majesty bade Killigrew, who was present, tell him his Age, whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the Tail: What are you doing, said the King? that is not the Place to find out his Age. O! Sir, said Killigrew, *Your Majesty*

jesty knows one should never look a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

A certain Poetaster, whose Head was full of a Play of his own Writing, was explaining the Plot and Design of it to a Courtier. *The Scene of it, said he, is in Cappadocia; and to judge rightly of the Play, a Man must transport himself into the Country, and get acquainted with the Genius of the People. You say right,* answered the Courtier, *and I think it would be best to have it acted there.*

A Captain not far from St. James's, having an amorous Design upon his Landlady, a comely young Milliner, to give her a Hint of what he'd be at, clapp'd a Guinea on one of his Eyes, and stared her in the Face with the other. The Doxy, presently taking the Meaning, Sir, said she, *Love, I have been told, is not blind of one only, but both Eyes.*

A certain Couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to claim the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Pair, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain in a Year and a Day, the Steward ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it; the Husband produced a Bag, and told him, *in that. That,* answered the Steward, *is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my Wife,* reply'd the good Man; *and I believe we have had an Hundred Words about it. Ay,* said the Steward, *but they were not such as will butter any Cabbage to eat with this Bacon; and so hangs the Flitch up again.*

Two Gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, Riding by Tyburn, says the first, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a Garret. You Fool,* says Garret, *don't you know there must be Chambers first.*

An arch Boy having taken Notice of his School-master's often reading a Chapter in Corinthians, wherein is this Sentence, *We shall all be changed in*
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the twinkling of an Eye, privately erased the Letter C in the Word *Changed*. The next Time his Master read it, *We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an Eye*.

A Gentleman ask'd my Friend, Sir Roger *Shakeside*, in the Company of a certain Lady, what was the fundamental Trade in *London*? *The Trade of Love*, Sir, quoth Sir Roger. *Very true*, says the Lady, *I believe it may; but 'tis a Business*, Sir Roger, *that few Men care for after Marriage*.

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, apply'd to Mr. *Rich*, who desir'd him to speak some Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very disagreeable Manner, *To be, or not to be, that is the Question——Not to be*, says *Rich*, and so left him to rant by himself.

Hippesly, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith! Sir*, said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt*.

One being in a Ship, seeing of 'em cast Anchor, ask'd the Master and his Mate, whether the Ship was not sick? Being ask'd the Reason, he said, Because it spew'd and cast Anchor. Yes, said the Master, we did cast an *Ann Car* overboard when she was dead.

Says a Man (having a Candle in his Hand) by this Candle, Wife, I dreamt this Night, that you made me a Cuckold. She having a Piece of Bread in her Hand, said, By this Bread, but I did not. Eat the Bread, said he. Nay, says she, eat you the Candle, for you swore first.

A Puritan coming to a Cheesemonger's Shop to buy Cheese, when he gave him a Taste, he puts
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his Hat before his Eyes, to say Grace. Nay, said he, I see instead of tasting it, you intend to make a Meal of it.

A Farmer being very Rich, was knighted, his Wife thereupon grew very fine. One said, That his Worship was very much in Fault, spoiling a good Housewife to make a Mad-dame.

A Gentleman having Occasion for a *Smock* for his Mistress, and but little Money to buy one withal, applied to a Pawnbroker, and asked him if he had ever a *Smock* to sell, who told him he had no *Smock* but several *Shifts*; and being ask'd the Difference, the Pawnbroker told him, *That they were Smocks before they came to him, but when brought to him they were Shifts*: Which the Gentleman admitted, but said, *They were bad Shifts*.

A certain Great Man, who had been a furious Party-Man, and most surprizingly changing Sides, by which he obtained a Coronet, was soon after at Cards at a Place where Lady T——nd was, and complaining in the Midst of the Game, that he had a great Pain in his *Side*. I thought your Lordship had *no Side*, said she. Yes, but I have, answered my Lord, and a *Back-Side* too. Have you so? reply'd my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one*.

A Gentleman sitting by Mrs. W——ff——n at Lord Lovat's Trial, took Notice to her of FANNY M——'s being at a little Distance from them. O! said she, I suppose FANNY has an Eye upon the whole House of Commons. And I dare answer for her, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *if she has, her Eyes no bigger than her Belly*.

A poor Woman, with half a Dozen Children at her Heels, ask'd Alms of a Gentlewoman in the Street; I think, said the Gentlewoman, that being so poor, you might find something else to do, and I wonder you are not ashamed to get so many Children. Alas! Madam, reply'd the good Woman,

Woman, you don't consider, that we poor Folks have very often *nothing else for our Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper.*

A Scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a Parlour where the Doctor had laid down a fine Bunch of Grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, *I publish the Banns between these Grapes and my Mouth; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* The Doctor being but in the next Room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the School, he order'd the Boy who had eaten his Grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd on another Boy's Back, but before he proceeded to the usual Discipline, he cried out aloud, as the Delinquent had done; *I publish the Banns between my Rod and this Boy's Breech, if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* I forbid the Banns, cried the Boy. Why so, said the Doctor, Because the Parties are not agreed, reply'd the Boy. Which Answer so pleased the Doctor, who loved to find any Readiness of Wit in his Scholars, that he ordered the Boy to be set down.

The late Sir Robert Henly, who was commonly pretty much in Debt, walking one Day with two or three other Gentlemen in the Park, was accosted by a Tradesman, who took him aside for a Minute or two, and when the Baronet rejoined his Company, he seemed to be in a great Passion, which his Friends taking Notice of, ask'd him what was the Matter? Why the Rascal, said he, has been dunning me for Money I have owed him these seven Years, with as much Impudence as if it was a Debt of Yesterday.

Joe Haines, the Player, being ask'd, what could transport Mr. Collier into so blind a Zeal, for the general Suppression of the Stage, when only some particular

particular Authors had abused it? Whereas the Stage, he could not but know, was generally allowed, when rightly conducted, to be a delightful Method of mending the Morals. *For that Reason*, replied Haines, *Collier is, by Profession, a Moral-Mender himself, and two of a Trade, you know, can never agree.*

Some Gentlemen being at a Tavern together, for want of better Diversion, one proposed Play, but said another of the Company I have fourteen good Reasons against Gaming. What are those, said another? In the first Place, answered he, *I have no Money*: Oh! said the first, if you had four Hundred Reasons, you need not name another.

A Parson, in the Country, taking his Text in *St. Matthew*, Chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's Wife's Mother lay sick of a Fever*, preached for three Sundays together on the same Subject: Soon after two Country Fellows going cross the Church-Yard, and hearing the Bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell, perhaps*, replied he, *it is for Peter's Wife's Mother, for she has been sick of a Fever these three Weeks.*

A young Fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Cheshire Cheese full of Mites, one Night at the Tavern, now, said he, have I done as much as Sampson, for I have slain my Thousands and my Ten Thousands. Yes, by G—d, answered one of the Company, and with the same Weapon too, *the Jaw-Bone of an Ass.*

Poor Joe Miller going one Day along the Strand, an impudent Derby Captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the Wall. *I don't use to give the Wall*, said he, *to every Jackanapes; but I do*, said Joe, and so made Way for him.

When the late Duke of ——— went over Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he took an excellent Man Cook over with him, but they had not been there
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above a Month, but finding his Grace kept a very scurvy House, gave him Warning. What's the Reason, said the Duke, that you have a Mind to leave me? Why, If I continue with your Excellency much longer, answered the Cook, I shall quite forget my Trade.

A Gentleman, whose Wife complained a little of his Manhood, consented that she should make Choice of any one, so that it was but one to do Family Duty in his Stead: She chose the Coachman, a sturdy Fellow; but by some Accident the Reverend Chaplain came to suspect the Intrigue that was carrying on by his Patron's Lady, and was resolved to watch her Waters; it was not long before he had an Opportunity, by peeping through a Key-Hole, of being entirely confirm'd in his Suspicion, and being a very conscientious Man, he thought it his Duty to acquaint her Husband with it: He told him he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a Manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, hush, Doctor*, said the Gentleman, *the Thing is a Secret; I give my Coachman Twenty Pounds a Year extraordinary for that very Service.* *Gad take me*, cried the conscientious Parson, *Why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the Money, and have thank'd you too.*

A certain Officer in the Guards telling one Night, in Company with *Joe Miller*, of several wonderful Things he had seen Abroad, among the rest, he told the Company, he had seen a Pike caught that was six Feet long. *That's a Trifle*, said *Joe*, *I have seen a Half-Pike, in England, longer by a Foot, and yet not worth Two-pence.*

Jemmy Spiller, another of the jocosé Comedians, going one Day through *Rag-Fair*, a Place where they sell Second-hand Goods, cheapened a Leg of Mutton, he saw hang up there, at a Butcher's Stall. The Butcher told him it was a Groat a Pound.

a Pound. *Are not you an unconscionable Fellow, said Spiller, to ask such a Price, when one may buy a new one for that in Clare-Market?*

A certain poor unfortunate Gentleman was so often pulled by the Sleeve by the Bailiffs, that he was in continual Apprehension of them, and going one Day through *Tavistock-Street*, his Coat-Sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a Hurry, happened to hitch upon the Iron Spike of one of the Rails; whereupon he immediately turn'd about, in a great Surprise, and cry'd out, *At whose Suit, Sir? At whose Suit?*

A worthy Citizen, not far from *Cheapside*, who was himself a little stricken in Years, having married a very pretty young Wife, the Journeyman, a brisk Blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his Master, had often solicited for the last Favour, but she refusing, tho', as he thought, but faintly, his Master having Occasion to go into the Country for a few Days, he thought that might be a proper Opportunity to accomplish his Design, so taking his Time when his Mistress was in the Kitchen by herself, the Maid being gone out of the Way on some Errand, he told her he would that Night steal softly into her Chamber, when she was in Bed. If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great Kitchen Knife up with me into my Bed-chamber. At Night the Spark opened the Door very gently, but, remembering the Knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, asked who was there? 'Tis I, answered the Journeyman, and was resolved to come to Bed to you, but that I remember'd the great Knife. *Oh! what a silly Jade was I, said she, to leave it in the Kitchen?*

The late Sir *John Tash* was a famous Wine-Merchant, and sold great Quantities of that Liquor, but was supposed to make it chiefly without much of the Juice of the Grape; therefore

fore Alderman *Parsons* meeting him one Day, saluted him by the Name of Brother *Brewer*. I deal in Wine, said Sir *John*, Mr. Alderman, and am no *Brewer*. Yes, by G—d, replied the other, but I know you are, and can brew more by an Inch of Candle than I can with a Chaldron of Coals.

Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a Cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town) when they had risen up and took their Leaves, the Cheesemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first, upon which the Grocer's Lady, pulling her back by the Tail of her Gown, and stepping before her, No, *Madam*, said she, *nothing comes after Cheese*.

An old Lady being at Table, and mumbling a Piece of Brawn that was very horny, for a long Time, at length, by its Elasticity, it jump'd out of her Mouth upon the Plate of a young Gentleman, who sat on the opposite Side of the Table, but he, not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good Lord, said the old Lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's Teeth, I have been mumbling and tumbling that Piece of Brawn in my Mouth this half Hour to no Purpose, and that young Gentleman has chewed and swallow'd it in a Moment.

Jack Ketch having hang'd a Person who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was ask'd the Price of them by one of the Spectators; What will you give for them, says *Jack*? The Fellow reply'd, three Half Crowns; I'll give Ten Shillings, says another, which *Jack* refus'd, and took the first Offer. The Under-Sheriff a little surpriz'd to see him take the least Money, ask'd the Reason of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. No matter for that, Sir, says *Jack*;

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Jack; *This Man has promis'd never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I shall certainly have them again next Hanging-Day.*

An Arch Critic observing that most of our modern Play-writers were *Plagiaries*, and stole from *Cornelle*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, and other *French Authors*. One of the Company ask'd him from whence the immortal *Shakespear* had pilfer'd? *Why truly!* says he, *not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, he has sacrilegiously stolen from that sacred Goddess, Nature, in all her Works.*

When *Moliere*, the great Comic Poet of *France* died, the Archbishop of *Paris* would not let his Body be buried in consecrated Ground: The King being inform'd of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd? The Bishop answer'd, *About eight.* Well, reply'd the King, *I find there is no getting the better of our Scruples; therefore, let his Grave be dug twelve Feet deep, that's four below your consecrated Ground, and let them bury him there.*

Mr. *Joseph Trefusis*, a Comedian in *Ireland*, and an Acquaintance of the late Mr. *Wilks's*, delighted much in Angling. As he was fishing by the *Liffy Side*, some Friends of his were going into a Boat to embark for *England*. *Joe* called to them to take him in, that he might see them safe on Board, where they prevail'd upon him to make a Journey to *London* with them, with his fishing Cloaths on, no second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him in *London*, and Mr. *Wilks* chanc'd to find him gazing at the Dial in *Covent-Garden-Square*; when he ask'd how he came there, in that Pickle? *Hum! Ha! Why, Faith, Bobby,* reply'd *Joe*, *I only came from Dublin, to see what it was o'Clock at Covent-Garden.*

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This same Gentleman enter'd Volunteer on board the Ship which the Duke of *York* commanded, in that memorable Engagement with the *Dutch Fleet*, 1673. When Preparations were making for Battle, *Joe* confess'd he was seized with Fear; but when the Man at the Top-mast-head cry'd, *A Sail*, then *two Sail*, and after, *Zounds, a whole Wood!* *Joe's* Terrors augmented; which a Sailor observing, ask'd whether he had never perform'd on the Stage? *Joe* reply'd, *Yes. Why then, says the blunt Tar, To morrow, if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, you'll see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy you ever saw in your Life.*

Mr. Wilks, paying a Visit to *Mr. Farquhar*, Author of the *Stratagem*, when he was extremely ill, told him, that *Mrs. Oldfield* thought he dealt too freely with the Character of *Mrs. Sullen*, (which she was to play) in giving her to *Archer* without a proper Divorce, which was not a Security for her Honour. *To salve that*, reply'd *Farquhar*, *I'll get a real Divorce.—Marry her myself, and give her my Bond she shall be a real Widow in less than a Fortnight.*

A certain Doctor having rais'd a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was desirous of purchasing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly ask'd a Friend's Advice, what he had best have for them? *Oh! Doctor*, said he, *Nothing will suit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you please, be Quack, Quack, Quack.*

A certain Country Justice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a *Londoner*, who happened to dine at the Market-town with him, of a Turnip, which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and liv'd in it during the Winter. The Citizen, in his Turn said, he could tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that; for not long before he left the Town,

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Business call'd him to *Whitechapel*, where he pass'd by a Brazier's, who was making a Copper, which was so very large, that though four and twenty Men were at Work upon it, they could not hear each other hammer the Rivets. What the De'el can that be for, says his Worship, *Why, to boil your Turnips in*, says the other.

An arch Prisoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be try'd for Horse-stealing, the Judge immediately cry'd, Oh here is a noted Villain, I am sure! Why Sirrah, I can see the Rogue in your Face, *Ay, my Lord*, says the Fellow, *I wonder at that; for I did not know my Face was a Looking-glass, till your Lordship saw yourself in it.*

Sir *Thomas Gardner*, being chose Recorder of *London*, one said that Office was the most fitting for him of all others; for no Place in the Kingdom was more full of ill Weeds.

A Gentleman requested a Thing of an unchaste Woman. No, says she, had I a Hundred, you should have none of 'em. Well, said he, I know the Time when you had but one Thing, you'd let a Friend use it.

A Citizen having new built his House, he was praising the Conveniency of it, and how light it was: For, says he, the Morning Sun lies all Day upon it.

As *Livia* went Abroad in *Rome*, there met her naked young Men sporting in the Streets, whom *Augustus* going about to punish severely, *Livia* spoke for them, and said, 'Twas no more to chaste Women, than so many Statues.

A Maid that had more Beauty than Wit, stood viewing herself naked in a Glass; at last she set the Glass a pretty Distance off from her, and in the skrewing her Body, she saw the Reflection of something in the Glass; whereupon, she said,
Well,

Well, 'tis no Matter, though the Shadow be wry-mouth'd, the Substance is as Right as my Leg.

A Country Parson that was double Diligent, and would catechise Forenoon and Afternoon; his Expressions in the Forenoon was this, So much for Men and Boys: In the Afternoon, I intend briefly to run over the old Women, and have one touch with the Maids.

King *Charles* the Second, and the Duke of *Ormond*, discoursing of the prettiest Women of several Countries, says the King to the Duke, My Lord, you have very pretty Women in *Ireland*, but they have great Legs. *O that's nothing, please you, my Leige, we lay them aside.*

A Man, very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a Gentleman, as a good Match for his Daughter. *No, no*, said he, *I would rather have a Man without Money, than Money without a Man.*

A young Lady of a pretty high Spirit, who was just about entering into the Marriage State, told her Gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *Obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the Ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that Word, she was for mincing the Matter, and cried *Honour and bey*: Nay, Madam, said the Parson, you must say *obey*, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the Words as the Office directs; but still she would only say as she had done before, and the Parson again reproving her: Let her alone, Doctor, said the Husband, let her only say *Bey*, if she has a Mind to it now, and I'll make her cry *O* at Night.

A certain noble Lord in the County of *Hants*, who had not much applied himself to Letters, and was remarkable for his ill Spelling, dining at a neighbouring Gentleman's House, took Notice several Times, and commended a Snuff-Box he made use of; when my Lord was gone away,

the Gentleman's Wife said to her Husband, *My Dear, you did not observe how often my Lord commended your Snuff-Box, I dare say he would have been highly pleased if you had made him an Offer of it: If I was you, I would send it after him.* The Gentleman took his Lady's Advice, and the next Morning sent a Servant away with a Letter, and the Snuff-Box, as a Present to the Lord. The Lady judg'd right, for my Lord was mightily delighted with it, and returned a most complaisant Letter of Thanks for the Present, and told the Gentleman, in his ill-spelling, that he was greatly obliged to him, and in a few Days would send him an *Elephant*, [*Equivalent* he would have said.] The Gentleman not at all liking my Lord's Proposal, sent his Servant with a Letter again the next Day, telling his Lordship, that he was very glad the Box was so acceptable to him, and thanking him for the Honour he designed him, but begged he would not think of sending what he mentioned, for it would not only be attended with an Expence which he could not very well afford, being such a devouring Animal, but would bring such Numbers of People to see it, that it would make his House a perfect Lake-house. My Lord, a little while after, meeting the Gentleman, told him he was surprized at his Letter, and could not imagine what he meant by it. The *Elephant*, said he, that your Lordship spoke of sending to me. *Elephant!* said the learned Lord, how could a Man of your Understanding make such a Mistake? I said I would send you an *Equivalent*. I beg your Lordship's Pardon, returned the Gentleman, and am ashamed of being such a Dunce, that I could not read your Lordship's Letter.

The *Independent Whig*, an Author who was no great Friend to the Clergy, tells us the following Story of a Parson. An unfortunate *Levite*, some
Years

Years since, having an Intrigue with a Butcher's Wife, and being caught in Bed with her by the Husband, had his Head cleft by him; and when the Butcher was brought upon his Trial for the same, neither the Number of reverend Auditors, who attended the same, a due Regard to the Cloth, or an Apprehension of the Carnage it might produce, could hinder the Judge from directing the Jury to call the Crime only *Man-slaughter*. This so provoked the weak Spirit and Patience of a holy Brother, then present, that he cried out in the Court, *Here's a fine World! If these Things be suffered, there will be no living for us.*

The famous *Tony Lee*, a Player in *K. Charles the Second's* Reign, being killed in a Tragedy, having a violent Cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the Stage, which occasioning a good deal of Laughing and Noise in the House, he lifted up his Head, and speaking to the Audience, said, This makes good what my poor Mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my Grave, because I used to drink in my Porridge*. This set the House in such good Humour, that it produced a thundering Clap, and made every one very readily pardon the Solecism he had before committed.

A certain *French Gentleman*, having been but a very little while in *England*, was invited to a Friend's House, where a large Bowl of *Punch* was made, a Liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the Name of it, he asked a Person the next Day, *What dey call a dat Liqueur in England, which is all de Contradiction; where is de Brandy to make it strong, and de Vater to make it small, de Sugre to make it sweet, and de Lemons to make it sour? Punch*, answered the other, *I suppose you mean. Ay, Ponche, begar, cried Monsieur, it almost ponche my Brain out last Night.*

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The famous Captain *Fitzpatrick*, who married 'Squire *Western's* Niece, and was reckoned an excellent Hand at making Bulls, was walking one Day, with two or three Ladies, a little Way out of *West-Chester*, with his Hat under his Arm; the Wind blowing very hard, one of the Ladies said, *I wonder, Captain, you will be so ceremonious to walk bare-headed in such boisterous Weather; pray, Sir, put on your Hat.* By my Shoul, dear Madam, answered the Captain, *I have been after trying two or three Times already, and the Wind is so high, that I can't keep my Hat upon my Head any longer than 'tis under my Arm.*

The same Gentleman being with the aforesaid Ladies in a Nobleman's Garden, where there was a large Iron Roller, told them, he thought it was the biggest *Iron Rolling Stone* he ever saw in his Life.

A Philosopher being blamed by a Stander-by, for defending an Argument weakly against the Emperor *Adrian*, replied; *What, would you have me contend with a Man that commands thirty Legions of Soldiers?*

A Painter turned Physician; upon which Change, a Friend applauded him, saying, *You have done well, for before your Faults could be discovered by the naked Eye, but now they are hid.*

Zelim, the first of the *Ottoman* Emperors that shaved his Beard, his Predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his *Bassaws*, why he altered the Custom of his Predecessors? Answered, *Because you Bassaws shall not lead me by the Beard as you did them.*

It being told *Antigonus*, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the Field of Battle, that the Enemy would shoot such Volleys of Arrows as would intercept the Light of the Sun. *I am glad of it*, replied he, *for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the Shade.*

A Sailor

A Sailor having received ten Guineas for turning Roman Catholick, said to the Priest who paid him the Money, *Sir, you ought to give me ten Guineas more, because it is so damnable hard to believe Transubstantiation.*

Dr. South, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman stept into the next Room and told his Wife, and desir'd she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand Words; till at length, her Husband, provok'd at her Behaviour, protested, That, if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stept out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

Some Repartees, tho', strictly speaking, ought not to be brought under the Head of Jest, yet, for the Readiness of Thought are somewhat better. Of this Sort, was the Answer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late King of Prussia, on his asking him at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, if he could say, an equal Number of *Englishmen* could beat 'em? No, Sir, answered Sir Robert, *I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number wou'd try.*

A Gentleman, arrested for a large Sum, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship to him, to beg he would be his Bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

Mr. Amner, going through a Street in Windsor, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many Bulls! He hearing them, look'd back,

back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough ; if I had you here, Pd kick you down Stairs.*

King Charles II. paying a Visit to Doctor Busby, while he was exercising his Function, the Doctor is said to have strutted through the School with his Hat upon his Head, while his Majesty walk'd complaisantly behind, with his Hat under his Arm ; but when he was taking leave at the Door, the Doctor, in great Humility, thus address'd himself to the King ; *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of Respect hitherto ; if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.*

The Earl of C——d, notwithstanding his great good Nature, was, at a certain Time oblig'd to lay his Cane over the Shoulders of Sir Harry ***** who took it very patiently ; some time after, Sir Harry himself can'd a Fellow, who was a great Coward ; upon which, my Lord meeting him next Day, told him he was glad to hear he behav'd so gallantly Yesterday. *Ay, my Lord, said he, you and I know who we beat.*

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Isocrates*, to be taught by him ; *Isocrates* ask'd double the Sum his other Pupils paid, and the Reason is, said he, *I must be oblig'd to teach thee two Sciences ; one to speak, and the other to hold thy Tongue.*

Tom Clark, of St. John's, desir'd a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop Burnet's *History of the Reformation* ; the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd, he might come there and read it all Day long. Some Time after, the same Gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his Bellows ; Tom sent him Word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he wou'd.*

A Dutches,

A Dutcheſs in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Poſt, where he had the Opportunity of fingering a great deal of Money, had married his kept Miſtreſs: *Good Lord!* ſaid ſhe, *that Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

A Quaker lodging at an Inn, the Houſe being full, a damning Blade came up into his Room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his Room, and by Yea and Nay, he ſhould not come there. The Hector then began to thunder out his Oaths, and to ſtrike him; but the Quaker being a ſtout Fellow, returned his Blows double and treble, and at laſt kick'd him down Stairs. With that, the Maſter of the Houſe ſending the Tapſter to know the Occaſion of all that Noiſe, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *Yea and Nay* had kick'd *G—d damme* down Stairs.

King *James* keeping his Court at *Theobald's*, in a Time of Contagion, divers Conſtables, with their Watchmen, were ſet at ſeveral Places, to hinder the Concourse of People from flocking thither without ſome neceſſary Occaſion; amongſt others, one Gentleman (being ſomewhat in the Garb of a Serving-man) was examined what Lord he belong'd unto? To which he readily reply'd, To the *Lord Jehovah*: Which Word being beyond the Conſtable's Underſtanding, he aſk'd his Watchmen, if they knew any ſuch Lord? They replied, No. However, the Conſtable being unwilling to give Diſtaſte, ſaid, Well, let him paſs, notwithſtanding, *I believe it ſome Scotiſh Lord or other.*

One ſaid to his Friend, I hear your Wife is quick already. Yes, ſays he, a Pox on her, ſhe is very nimble; I have had her but a Month, and ſhe is ready to lie down.

Two Country Fellows at an Aſſize in King *James's* Reign, were wondering why the Judges

Beards were shaved so close: One said, *It was to make 'em look grim, to terrify the Prisoners; but the other, a wonderful discreet Man, said, It was only to represent her Majesty's Person.*

A Grazier sent his Son to the University, and he studied Poetry; his Father check'd him for it; *Well, since you are a Poet, tell me why so handsome a Woman as Venus, married such an ugly Fellow as Vulcan? I wonder at it too, Father; and yet I wonder as much, why my Mother married you.*

One ask'd another, what such a one was? He told him, a Proctor of the Court, and doth some Business of my Wife's. Come, said he, he doth no Business of thy Wife's, but does thy Business upon thy Wife.

A Country Fellow being to be catechized (who was an Apprentice) the Parson ask'd him, What's your Name? *John*, says the Fellow. Who gave you that Name? says the Parson. My Godfathers and Godmothers, &c. says the Fellow. Well said, says the Parson; And what did your Godfathers and Godmothers do for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my Time.

One parting a Fray, was cut into the Skull; says the Surgeon, Sir, *One may see your Brains: Nay then, I'll be hang'd*, said he; *If I had had any Brains, I had never come there.*

A Constable carry'd a big-belly'd Wench before a Justice, and said, An't please your Worship, I have here brought you a Maid with Child. The Wench call'd him Fool and Knave: She being reprov'd, said, *He must needs be one of 'em; for, said she, if I am a Maid, he is a Fool to think I am with Child; and if I am not with Child, he is a Knave for saying I am.*

Some Thieves met a Man, robb'd him, and bound him in a Wood; a little after, they met with

with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other Side of the Hedge; then one of 'em cry'd out, saying, I am undone, I am undone! The other hearing him say so, pray'd him, that he would come and undo him too, being he was undone.

A Gentleman meeting of his Godson, ask'd him whither he was going? To School, replies the Boy. That's well, said he, there's Sixpence for you, follow thy Learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky Truths. A Town Beggar was very importunate with a rich Miser, whom he accosted in the following Phrase: Pray, Sir, bestow your Charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your Charity. *Prithee, Friend, be quiet,* replied old Gripus, *I have it not.*

A certain Priest in a rich Abbey in Florence, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day, on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original: The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot: After which, the Net was used no more. Being ask'd the Reason, he answered, *There is no Occasion for the Net now the Fish is caught.*

One telling his Friend he was a Cuckold——*If I had not known it,* replied he, *I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

Two conceited Coxcombs rangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, That they had both done like Wits: *For you Wits,* says he, *never give over, 'till you prove one another Fools.*

A young Lady, with a good Fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young Fellow: *Well,* says the old Lady her Aunt, *for all you were so eager to have him. you'll have your Belly full of him in a little Time, I'll warrant you.*

A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robb'd him of his Money, and t'other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

Tom. P——, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord L——'s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it. Mr. *Such-a-one*, reply'd Tom, may kiss my A——. Upon such a coarse Expression, the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, Fie, Tom, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies. Why, my Lord, said Tom, A—— an't Bawdy, is it? No, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a (devilish) Resolution to be damnable drunk; one being more overpower'd than the rest, spew'd perpetually; and seeing that he could no longer bear them Company, called for a Reckoning: Why, said one, cannot you tell that, that have so often cast up what you drank? No, marry, I cannot, said he, *for I was so busy in casting up the Accompt, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry: Good-Morrow, Father Abraham, said one: Good-Morrow, Father Isaac, said the next: Good-Morrow, Father Jacob, cry'd the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, reply'd the old Gentleman, but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses; and lo! here I have found them.*

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An ingenious young Gentleman at the University of *Oxford*, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at *St. Mary's*, and having formerly observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this Place of Scripture for his Text, *What! cannot ye watch one Hour?* At every Division he concluded with his Text; which, by Reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him: This was so noted among the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*; who, willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to *London*, to defend himself against the Crime laid to his Charge; where coming, he gave so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King *James*. After some Excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *James the First and the Sixth, Waver not*; meaning the first King of *England*, and the sixth of *Scotland*; at first the King was something amazed at the Text, but in the End was so well pleased with his Sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary: After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to *Oxford*, to make his Recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take Leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, *Sleep on now and take your Rest*: Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *whereas I said before*, which gave Offence, *What! cannot ye watch one Hour?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your Rest*; and so left the University.

A young Man married to an ill-temper'd Woman, who not contented, tho' he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father,

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to the great Grief of both Families; the Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her foundly: Hereupon she complain'd to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and laced her Sides foundly too; saying, *Go and commend me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.*

A Fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian Proverb, *That three Women make a Market with their chatting*; Nay, then, said he, *add my Wife to them, and they will make a Fair.*

A Gentlewoman delighting in Plurality of Lovers, chanced to admit to her Embraces two Gentlemen who loved one another intirely, but were unacquainted with each other's Intrigue; one of them having lain with this Gentlewoman one Night, lost his Ring in the Bed, which the other found in it the Morning after; the Day following the first sees it on his Friend's Finger; after a great many Arguings about it, they came to understand one another's Intrigue: The Man who lost it demands his Ring, the other refuses; at last, it was agreed, that it should be left to the next Comer-by, who should have the Ring; it chanced to be the Husband of the Woman, who, hearing the whole Matter, adjudg'd the Ring should belong to him who own'd the Sheets: *Marry then,* said they, *for your excellent Judgment you shall have the Ring.*

A Man and his Dog, named *Cuckold*, going out together in the Evening, in returning Home, the Dog ran in a Doors first; Oh, Mother, says the Boy, *Cuckold's come*; Nay then, says the Mother, *your Father is not far off, I am sure.*

A Country Gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his Horse stumbled, and threw him at a Shop-Door, the Mistress whereof being a pleasant Woman,

man, and seeing there was no Hurt done, ask'd him, Whether his Horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the Door of a Cuckold: *Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls else before you come to the Top of Cheapside.*

A Gentleman riding near the Forest of *Which-wood*, in *Oxfordshire*, ask'd a Fellow, What that Wood was called; He said, *Which-wood, Sir.* Why that Wood, said the Gentleman. *Which-wood, Sir.* Why that Wood, I tell thee; he still said *Which-wood.* I think, said the Gentleman, thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there: *It may be so, replied the other, but you know not Which-wood.*

A young buxsome Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hot-spur, who by all Means must have a Bout with her; but she vow'd, if he meddled with her, she would burn him: Will you so, says he, *I'll try that, and thereupon blew out the Candle, thinking himself safe from the Threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her Word.*

A Gentleman falling to Decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old Acquaintance, and staid with him seven or eight Days, in which Time the Man began to be weary of his Guest, and to be rid of him, feign'd a falling out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very slender: The Gentleman, perceiving their Drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven Days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolved to stay seven Weeks longer, but he would see them Friends again.*

A Romish Priest, on a Fast-Day, going to officiate at a Convent of Nuns, received by the Way a Present of a live Carp, which he fixed, as well as he could, under his Cassock. The Women
perceiving

perceiving an unusual Motion about his Middle, expressed great Signs of Surprize; but the holy Priest, desirous to remove all Occasions of Scandal, addressing himself to them, and holding aside his Garment, said, *Good Sisters, I pray you be not offended, behold, It is nothing but FISH.*

A young Woman in *France* whose Brother had embraced the Protestant Religion, was convicted of having a Bastard Child, and obliged to do publick Penance. The Priest, after a severe Repri-mand, warned her, that as she had made a Reparation for her own Crime, she should never fall into her Brother's. *Oh, Sir,* said she, *I would rather commit my Fault a thousand Times than be once guilty of my Brother's.*

Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs, cram them with Sweetmeats, till they cloy their Stomachs.

A knavish Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman, what was Honesty? *What is that to you,* said he, *meddle with those Things that concern you.*

One reading a witty Preface before a dull Book, said, He wonder'd how such a Preface came to be match'd so preposterously to such a Book. *In Truth, Sir,* said another, *I see no Reason why they may not be match'd, for I'm sure they are not at all a-kin.*

A Gentleman having invited several Friends to Supper, a Couple of Rabbits in a Dish being under his Hand, as he was carving, his Wife call'd to him, Husband, prithee give me a Flap of the Coney: The good Man, seeming abashed at her Words, answered her, *How now Wife! not before all this Company.*

In *Flanders*, by Accident, a *Flemish* Tyler falling from the Top of a House upon a Spaniard, killed him, tho' he escaped himself. The next of the Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence

lence against the Tyler ; and when he was offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge said unto him, That if he did urge that kind of Sentence, it must be, *That he should go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said unto her, When I solicited thy Chastity, had'st thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four Times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more.*

A Lord intended to take in a great Part of the Common belonging to the Town, and he agreed with a Carpenter to have it rail'd in: My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some Charges in the Business; *For*, says he, *do you but get Posts, and I doubt not but all the Neighbours round about will find you Railing enough.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon list'd himself; returning again, he was ask'd by his Friends, What Exploits he had done there? He said, *That he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head: *Oh*, said he, *you must know his Head was cut off before.*

A Book being published in Queen Elizabeth's Time, that gave her much Offence, she ask'd Bacon if he could find no Treason in it. *No*, Madam, said he, *but Abundance of Felony, for the Author hath stole half his Conceits out of Tacitus.*

The Bishop of *D——m* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers, relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my Hand, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows—Upon which the Duke of *Wharton*, immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which Hand, my Lord.*

In a little Country Town, it happened that the 'Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church after her Lying-in, to return Thanks to God, or, as it is commonly called, to be Church'd: The Parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Woman*, a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady*. The Clerk resolving not to be behind-hand with him, answer'd, *Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

One of King *James* the First's Chaplains preaching before the Court at *Whitehall*, made Use of the following Quibbles in his Discourse. Speaking of the Depravity of the Age, almost *all Houses*, he said, were made *Ale-houses*; that Men made *Matrimony a Matter of Money*; and placed their *Paradise in a Pair of Dice*: Was it so in the Days of *Noah*? *Ah, no!*

Two Ladies just returned from *Bath*, were telling a Gentleman how they liked the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill and found great Benefit from the Waters: But pray what did you go for? said he to the second. *Mere Wantonness*, reply'd she. And pray, Madam, said he, *Did it cure you?*

Mr. *Prior*, when Ambassador, being at one of the *French Opera's* at *Paris*, and seated in a *Box* with a Nobleman he was free with, who, as usual
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in *Frante*, sung louder than the Performer, burst into bitter Invectives against the last; upon which his Lordship gave over to enquire the Reason, adding, that the Person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. *Yes*, replies his Excellency, *but he makes such a horrid Noise, that I can't have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship.*

A Living of 500 *l. per Annum*, falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor *T—b—t*, Sir *R—W—* recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approved of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had served the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30 *l. per Annum*, came up with a Petition, signed by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth, that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10 *l.* a Year, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promised to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was designed, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30 *l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promised the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the Curacy before you was possessed of the Living?* *Well*, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I'll give to another.: And saying this he left him. The

next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord, told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having disposed of it before. The Curate, with a deep Sigh, return'd his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said, with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude, return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition, to a comfortable State of Life.

The said noble Lord, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend —, who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day reply'd, that when he was so, he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his Promise, and ordered the Presentation to be fill'd up for his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship to remind him of his Promise, and to ask him for this Living. *Why really,* said my Lord, *I wish you had come a Day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinc'd him that he had not forgot his Promise.

A notorious Bawd of *Clerkenwell*, having left in her Will a handsome Sum of Money to be given to the Rev. Doctor *Lee*, to preach her Funeral Sermon, but on Condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her Executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the Conditions of the Will; who being very much surpriz'd at such a Request, de-
fired

fired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came again, when he agreed that on the Money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following *Sunday*. The Doctor kept his Word, and taking the Text, *Blessed are they, &c.* made an excellent Sermon on a well-spent Life, and the Reward they would have in the next World, concluding, Dear Friends, said he, as for the Deceased, of whom I am now going to speak, [which caused great Attention from the Congregation] all I shall say of her is, *That she was born at Camberwell, lived great Part of her Time in Bridewell, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has done well; then let us pray that she may fare well, &c. &c.*

The Reverend Mr. B——n coming from *Holland* with the K——g, a terrible Hurricane arising, the Sloop was in great Danger of being lost: The facetious Mr. B——d, of *Albemarle-street*, being in the Cabin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another World, desired him to take Notice that if they were cast away, the Shirt he had on belonged to Mr. G——, and that he might have it again; then falling on his Knees, attempted to rehearse the *Lord's Prayer*, but with such a Tone as affrighted the Ship's Crew; on which the Captain running down, desired him to pray to himself, and to his great Surprise found the Doctor stripping himself: *Pray, Doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* Oh, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my Life.*

The Lord ***** when Mrs. Rogers the Actress was young and handsome, us'd to dangle after her; and one Night being behind the Scenes, standing with his Arms folded in the Posture of a desponding Lover, ask'd her with a Sigh, *What was a Cure for Love?* Your Lordship, said she, *is the best in the World.*

The

The Deputies of *Rochelle*, attending to speak with *Henry IV.* of *France*, met with a Physician, who had renounc'd the *Protestant* Religion, and embrac'd the *Papish* Communion, whom they began to revile; the King, hearing of it, told the Deputies he would advise them to change their Religion. *For it is a dangerous Symptom, said he, that your Religion is not long liv'd, when the Physician has given it over.*

Not many Years ago, a Temporal Peer, in a very pathetic and elegant Speech, expos'd the Vices and Irregularities of the *Clergy*, and vindicated the *Gentlemen of the Army*, from some Imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A certain Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of his Speech, desir'd to know when that Noble Lord would leave off preaching? The other answered, *The very Day his Majesty makes me a Bishop.*

A Lieutenant-Colonel, in an *Irish* Regiment in the *French* Service, being dispatch'd by the Duke of *Berwick* from *Fort-Keil*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint of some Irregularities which had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty, with some Emotion, told him, the *Irish* Troops gave him more Uneasiness, than all his Forces besides. Sir, reply'd the Officer, *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.*

A Gentleman disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee-House*, some of the Company said, You talk of Religion! I'll hold you five Guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G—d, and so went through the Creed.* Well! said the other, *I own I've lost; but did not think you cou'd have done it.*

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where
he

he liv'd? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live; but I starve down towards Wapping, and that Way.*

A Merchant-Ship being severely toss'd in a Storm, and all the Crew despairing of Safety, be-took themselves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two Stars; Oh! said he, that I could but see two Stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent Repetition of these Words, as to disturb the Meditation of the Rest; at length, one of the Crew ask'd him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *Oh! that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or that in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come just as he got to the Gallows, and was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before? *No*, reply'd the Fellow, *I thought no more of it, than I did of my dying Day.*

An old Fellow, having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employ'd her Chamber-maid in the Affair. At their next Meeting, he enquir'd what Answer her Lady had sent him? Answer! says the Girl, why she has sent you *this* for a Token, giving him a smart Slap on the Face. *Ay*, cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops; *and you have lost none of it by the Way.*

A Scotch Bagpiper travelling into Ireland, open'd his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provision was all gone; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me*, said Sawney, *an I had kenn'd you lov'd Musick so, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Fellow

A Fellow standing in the Pillory near *Temple-Bar*, occasion'd a great Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheese, had much ado to get along; and driving just up to the Pillory, ask'd what was wrote over the Criminal's Head? They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, and that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ah! continued he, and what is *Forgery*? They answer'd, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with intent to cheat People. To which, the Carman reply'd, looking up at the Offender; *Oh! Pox on ye, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog!*

Some young Fellows said, mettled Girls were generally in the Wrong; so very impudent, that they became *nauseous*, or so very Modest that they were *useless*.

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the Fellow, he would prove him to be a Horse or an Ass. Well, said the other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule! cry'd one of them, how the Deel can that be? *Because*, says the other, *it is something between a Horse and an Ass*.

A wild young Gentleman married a discreet and virtuous young Lady, who, to reclaim him, order'd it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead and buried; in the mean Time, plac'd herself in Disguise so, as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay inconstant Man, she appear'd to him as her own Ghost, at which he being not in the least dismayed, she at length discover'd the Fraud; at which he seem'd exceedingly surpriz'd. A Person by, said, *Why, Sir, do you seem more afraid now than before?* Don't wonder at that, said he, *most Men are more afraid of a live Wife than a dead one.*

Some

Some unlucky *Westminster* Scholars, under Dr. *Busby*, besmear'd the Stairs leading to the School with something that shall be nameless: The Doctor, as was design'd, foul'd his Fingers very much with it; which so enrag'd him, that he cry'd out, he wou'd give any Boy half a Crown, to discover who had a Hand in it. An arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he would let him know who had a Hand in it. Well, said the Doctor, I'll certainly give you the half Crown, if you tell me Truth. *Why, then, Sir,* answer'd the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, look at your Fingers else.*

An honest *French* Dragoon, in the Service of *Lewis XIV.* having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he wou'd let him escape this Time; but, if ever he found him there again, he wou'd throw his Hat out at the Window. Notwithstanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days, he caught the Spark in the same Place, and was as good as his Word: Sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the Place, where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon. The King ask'd what his Offence was? He told him, he had been abus'd. Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your Provocation; I think you was much in the Right to throw *his Hat out at the Window.* Yes, and it please you, my Liege, *but his Head was in it,* said the Dragoon. Was it, reply'd the King? Well, my Word is pass'd.

One, when the Hangman came to put the Halter about his Neck, desired him not to bring the Rope too near his Throat; *For I am,* says he, *so ticklish about that Place, that I shall hurt myself so with over laughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

H

A drunken

A drunken Fellow was brought before a Justice, and what Question soever he ask'd him, he still said, Your Worship's wife; then he committed him till the next Morning; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle Talk the Night before. Why, what did I say? Why, whatsoever I said to you, says the Justice, you still said, Your Worship's wife; that I thought thou wer't mad. Truly, says he, if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.

A young Woman came to a Lady to be hired, and the Lady told her she was no Maid. Yes, indeed, Madam, says she, but I am. How can that be, reply'd the Lady, when, to my Knowledge, you have had a Child? Well, Madam, says she, it was but a very little one, and do you make such a matter of that?

A Man with one Eye married a Virgin as he thought, but found it otherwise, and upbraided her with her Unchastity. She told him, that he was not perfect himself, and would you have me so? For thou hast but one Eye, said she. But the Flaw I got, says he, was by my *Enemy*. And I mine by my *Friend*, said she, there's the Difference.

A Cocker's Wife, speaking of a Street wherein she had lived before; her Apprentice, mumbling, said, There was none but Whores and Bawds lived there: What's that you said, Sirrah? said she. I said, says he, there's honest *Women* than yourself lives there.

A Fellow blaming his Sweetheart, telling her, she was false to him; she to clear herself, us'd many Imprecations, bidding him, if it were so, to mark her End; Nay, for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your End, as I shall your Middle.

Two Widows sitting by the Fire, were chattering together of their dead Husbands; and one said,

said, Let us have another Candle, for my poor Husband lov'd Light, God send him Light everlasting; and, said the other, my Husband lov'd Fire, I wish him Fire everlasting.

A Fellow having his Breeches torn between his Legs, that something hung out, which being espy'd by a young Lass, she ask'd what it was? He told her, it was his Purse. Your Purse, says she, if that be your Purse, then I am sure my Purse is cut.

A Gentleman, galloping furiously over plow'd Lands towards *Tame*, meeting one, says he, *Is this the Way to Tame?* Aye, says he, your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.

Socrates was ask'd, Why he endured his Wife's brawling? Says he, Why do you suffer your Geese to cackle? Because they lay us Eggs, said the Person. Well, says he, and my Wife brings me Children.

Another Time his Wife was brawling, and he walks out of Doors; upon that, she threw some Water upon him. I thought, says he, after Thunder we should have a Shower of Rain.

King *Charles* the Second coming from *Newmarket* through *Shoreditch* to *London*, observing a Wall or Bank, lately made there of *Horns*, as is common in that Road, bid *Rochester*, who was in the Coach with him, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir,* said he, *the Citizens seem to have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.*

Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting with his Epitaph upon the Prince of *Conde*, the Prince told him, *he should have been much better pleased, if Moliere had brought him his.*

One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going hastily along, call'd out to them, *Don't go so fast, what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

In King *James* the first's Time, my Lord *Craven* was very desirous to see *Ben Johnson*, which *Ben* being told of, went to his House in a tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are; the Porter gave him saucy Language, and refus'd him Admittance, which *Ben* did not fail to return. My Lord chanc'd to come out, while they were wrangling, and ask'd the Occasion? *Ben*, who stood in Need of Nobody to speak for him, said, he understood his Lordship desir'd to see him. You, Friend! reply'd my Lord, who are you? *Ben Johnson*, reply'd the other. No, no, says his Lordship, you can't be *Ben Johnson*, who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you cou'd not say *Bo* to a Goose. *Bo*, cries *Ben*. Very well, said my Lord, who was better pleas'd with the Joke, than offended at the Affront, I am now convinc'd by your Wit, that you are *Ben Johnson*.

Married Women, says one, usually shew all their Modesty the *first Day*, as married Men shew all their Love the *first Night*.

A Gentleman in King *Charles* the Second's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court, in soliciting a Place, and after a thousand Promises, seem'd as far off as ever; at last, resolv'd to see the King himself. When introduc'd, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd for the Place, just then vacant. The King, hearing his Story, told him, the Place was just given away. Upon this, the Gentleman, making very low Obeisance to the King, thank'd him many Times over. The King, observing how thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the Reason, why he thank'd him in so extraordinary a Manner, when he had denied his Suit? *The rather, and please your Majesty*, reply'd the Gentleman; *your Courtiers have kept me here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs, but your Majesty has saved me all that Trouble, and generously*
given

given me my Answer at once. *Gads Fish, Man*, says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. *Nay, then, Madam*, replied the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority.*

One ask'd his Friend, Why he, being so proper a Man himself, had married so small a Wife. *Why Friend*, said he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we should chuse the least.*

A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. *Oh, Madam*, replied the Gallant, *if you had that between your Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

A Gentleman speaking of *Peggy Yates*, the famous Courtezan, who had always an Abundance of fine Cloaths, said, *She was like a Squirrel, for she always covered her Back with her Tail.*

A Man and his Wife being in Bed together, towards Morning, Madam, pretended to be much out of Order, desiring to lye on her Husband's Side; the good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle; about half an Hour after, she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again; the good old Man obliged her the second Time; but, not content with this, a little while after she would needs change Places again: How can it be? said the Husband. Why can't you come the same Way you did before? answered the Wife. *No, by my Troth*, replied he, *I would rather go five Miles about.*

One good Housewife, who was a notable Woman at turning and winding her old Rags, was recommending her Dyer to another, as an excellent Fellow in his Way: That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great Drunkard,
and

and beats his Wife, and runs in every Body's Debt. What then, said the First, he may never be the worse Dyer for all these Things. No, answer'd the other, *can you imagine so bad a Liver can die well?*

A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to joke the Gentleman, and asked him, Why he would defile his Marriage Bed? *There was no Bed in the Case*, answered the Gentleman, *good Mr. Justice, for it was done in a Field.*

A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of the late Lord Torrington, having in the Engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder, while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing; one standing by, ask'd him the Reason. *Why*, said he, *I cannot help thinking of a Wish I have often made, that a certain Part about me was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.*

A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with the Design of robbing a Mulberry-Tree, had not been long in it, before one of the Men and one of the Maids came just under the Place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, till the Business they came about was over; when the Chambermaid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before. Lord, *John*, said she, now you have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with Child, who will take Care of it? There is one above, replied *John*, I hope will provide for it. *Is there so*, said the Countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, it shall be for one of my own begetting.*

Marcus

Marcus Livius, who was Governor of *Tarentum* when *Hannibal* took it, being envious to see so much Honour done to *Fabius Maximus*, said one Day in open Senate, that it was himself, not *Fabius Maximus*, that was the Cause of the retaking the City of *Tarentum*. *Fabius*, said smilingly, *Indeed thou speakest Truth, for hadst thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money : The Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Did'st tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away. Yes, Sir, answered the Boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was.*

A certain ancient Dutchess having had a Present made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into her Stable Yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a Mare brought to him : The Groom asking which? *Old Bess*, said she. Lord, Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpose ; *Old Bess* is too old to be with Foal. No Matter for that, cry'd she, it will *refresh* the poor old Creature.

A smart Fellow, thinking to shew his Wit one Night at the Tavern, called to the Drawer, Here, *Mercury*, said he, take away this Bottle full of Emptiness ; Said one of the Company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own Head.*

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country 'Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other Things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-Father's. Yes, said the other, *and I have my Great Grand-Father's Lands too.*

Alphonso,

Alphonso, King of *Naples*, sent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long Time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable Sum of Money to purchase Horses, and to return by such a Time. There was about the King, a Buffoon, or Jester, who had a Table-Book, wherein he used to register any remarkable Absurdity that happened at Court. The Day the *Moor* was dispatch'd to *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting on the King at Supper, the King called for his Table-Book, in which the Jester kept a regular Journal of Absurdities: The King took the Book, and read, How *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*, had sent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long Time his Prisoner, to *Morocco*, his own Country, with so many thousand Crowns to buy Horses. The King turned to the Jester, and ask'd, Why he insert'd that? Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again; and so you have lost both Man and Money: But, if he does come, says the King, then your Jest is marr'd: No, Sir, replies the Buffoon, *for if he should return, I will blot out your Name, and put in his for a Fool.*

Metullus Nepos, asking *Cicero*, the Roman Orator, in a scoffing Manner, Who was his Father? *Cicero* replied, *Thy Mother has made that Question harder for thee to answer.*

The Arch-Duke of *Austria* having been forced to raise the Siege of a Town called *Grave*, in *Holland*, and to retreat privately in the Night: Queen *Elizabeth* said to his Secretary here,——*What, your Master is risen from the Grave without Sound of Trumpet.*

The King, in one of his Progresses, ask'd, How far it was to such a Town? They told him six Miles. Half an Hour after, he ask'd again; one said six Miles and a Half. He alighted out of his Coach, and went under the Shoulder of one of the Led-Horses.——When some ask'd his Majesty

jesty what he meant? *I must stalk, says he, for yonder Town is shy, and flies me.*

Lawyers and Chambermaids, said a wicked young Fellow, are like Balaam's As, *They never speak unless they see an Angel.*

A Country 'Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cry'd out, Where is this Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, said the Lady.

A Philosopher being ask'd, Why learned Men frequented rich Men's Houses, but rich Men seldom visited the Learned.——Answered, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married; to convince him of it, the young Gentleman who told him, said, He had seen the Bride and Bridegroom. Prithee, said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names. I cannot bear to hear them.——Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answer'd the other? *Oh, no, for Heaven's Sake*, replied the first, *that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

A Gentleman saying he had bought the Stockings he had on in *Wales*. Really, Sir, answered another, *I thought so, for they seem to be Well-chose, i. e. Welch-hose.*

The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a Commission, constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fireship, was the same Evening passing Home to his Lodgings, when a fine Madam meeting him in the Street, earnestly intreated the Favour of a Glass of Wine; the Baronet cursing her for a filly Whore, said, *He was well content with one Fireship in one Day.*

Two Irishmen having travelled on Foot from *Chester* to *Barnet*, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten
I Miles

Miles to *London*. By my *Shoul* and *St. Patrick*, cries one of them, it is but *five Miles a-piece*, let's e'en walk on.

A Country Fellow being sent to a notorious Bawdy-House, formerly in *Salisbury-Court*, and having remember'd to forget his Errand, when he came into the Neighbourhood, he said, He wanted a *Bedfordshire* Woman, but had forgot her Name.—Forgot her Name, said one, then who the Devil should tell you any Thing of her? Now you Name the *Devil*, said the Fellow, you have brought it into my Head, It is the Sign of the *Angel*: Nay, answered another, if you had named the Devil at first, we had sent you thither.

An amorous young Fellow, who design'd a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running in, and told them her Master was at the Door. 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get out thro' the Parlour-Window? No, no, replied the Girl, there are some Iron Bars; but if you will run up three Pair of Stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.

An old Bawd being carried before Justice M——s, for keeping a disorderly House, strongly denied all that was charged upon her! *Housewife!* *Housewife!* said the Justice, how have you the Assurance to deny it; you do keep a Bawdy-House, and I will maintain it. Will you? replied the old Lady, the Lord bless you! I always heard you was a kind-hearted Gentleman.

In a Cause try'd at the *King's-Bench* Bar, a Witness was produc'd who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-Nose: Why, Sir, said he, by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose, for your Brazen-Face.

A Gentle man

A Gentleman in the Country who had three Daughters, discoursing one Evening on rural Affairs, and the Nature of Vegetation, ask'd one of his Daughters what Plant or Herb she thought grew the fastest? The young Lady reply'd, *Asparagus*; then he ask'd the Second, she answered, A *Pompion*, or *Gourd*: And when the same Question was put to the youngest, she reply'd, *The Pommel of a Saddle*; which very much surprizing the old Gentleman, he desired to know what she meant, and how she could make it out? Why, said she, when I was one Day riding behind our *John*, and the Ways being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cry'd *Miss, put your Hand about my Waist, and lay hold of the Pommel of the Saddle*; and I am sure, Pappa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my Finger; and, in less than a Minute, it was thicker than my Wrist.

A Gentleman having received some Abuse, in passing through one of the *Inns of Chancery*, from some of the impudent Clerks, he was advised to complain to the *Principal*, which he accordingly did, and coming before him, accosted him in the following Manner; *I have been grossly abused here by some of the Rascals of this House, and understanding you are the Principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

A young Curate, with more Pertness than Wit, or Learning, being ask'd in Company, How he came to take it into his Head to enter into the Ministry of the Church? Because, said he, the Lord had Need of me. *That may be*, replied a Gentleman present, *for I have often read that the Lord had once Need of an Ass.*

A very ignorant, but very foppish young Fellow, going into a Bookseller's Shop with a Relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his Cousin look into a particular

Book, and smile, ask'd him, What there was in that Book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Cousin Jack: Is it so, said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an Honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his Hand, he found it to be *Perkin's Catechism*, dedicated to all ignorant Persons.

There was a short Time when Mr. *Handel*, notwithstanding his Merit, was deserted, and his Opera at the *Hay-Market* neglected almost by every body but his M——y, for that of *Porpora* at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; at this Time another Nobleman asking the Earl of C——d if he would go one Night to the Opera? My Lord ask'd, Which? Oh, to that in the *Hay-Market*, answered the other. No, my Lord, said the Earl, I have no Occasion for a private Audience of his M——y To-Night.

Some Scholârs, on a Time, going to steal Conies, by the Way they warn'd a Novice amongst them to make no Noise, for Fear of spoiling their Game: But he no sooner espied some, but he cried out aloud, *Ecce Connivuli multi*. Whereupon the Conies ran with all Speed into their Burrows, upon which his Fellows chiding him; *Who the Devil*, says he, *would have thought that the Conies understood Latin?*

A Fellow and a Wench being taken in comical Circumstances in a *Pound*, and brought before a Justice of Peace; but both averring their Innocence, the Justice called the Wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess, she should go free for that Fact; upon which she owned the Truth, and the Fellow was sent to Prison: But upon taking her Leave, the Justice called the Wench back again, and asked her, What the Fellow gave her? If it please your Worship, said she, *Half a Crown*. Truly, Woman, answered he, *that does*

does not please me; and though for the *Fact* you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised; yet I must commit you for such Extortion, as taking Half a Crown in the Pound.

A drunken Fellow having sold all his Goods, to maintain himself at his Pot, except his Feather-Bed, at last made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by some of his Friends; *Why*, said he, *I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed.*

An old Lady meeting a *Cambridge* Man, ask'd him, How her Nephew behaved himself? Truly, Madam, says he, he's a brave Fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall* *. *I vow*, said she, *I fear'd as much, he was always hankering after the Wenches from a Boy.*

Some rattling young Fellows from *London*, putting into a Country-Inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn Farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumb-found that Countryman:—So coming up to him, he gives his Hat a twirl round, saying, *There's half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his Surprise, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.*

One of the aforesaid rattling Blades having been once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, Whether he was in Earnest or not? Yes, Faith, said the other, in very good Earnest, laying his Hand on his Sword.—*Say ye so*, reply'd he, *I'm glad that with all my Heart*, for I don't like such Jest.

At the Masquerade in the *Hay-Market*, one appearing in the Habit of a Bishop, another, for the Jest's Sake, bow'd his Knee to ask Blessing.

* The Name of a College in that University.

The former laying his Hand on his Head, very demurely said, *Prithee rise, there's nothing in't indeed, Friend.*

A certain humorous old Knight, named Sir Sampson, thinking to recommend himself to the Favour of a fine Lady, in the Way of Marriage, said, in the Conclusion of his Compliments, Oh! Madam, we *Sampsons* were strong Dogs from the Beginning. Take Care, Sir Sampson, replied the young Lady, *Remember, the strongest of your Name pulled an old House over his Head.*

The old Earl of B——d, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in Waiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King, assuring his Majesty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'Clock, there being great Occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquired for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time: At length he came, and going to the Clock in the Drawing-Room, heard it strike One; at which, being a little enraged, he up with his Cane, and broke the Glass of the Clock. The King asked him afterwards, What made him break the Clock? I am sure, says my Lord, your Majesty won't be angry when you hear: Prithee, said the King, what was it? *Why, Blood, my Liege, the Clock struck first.*

A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the Point of resigning herself into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on the Conditions that she expected should be observed after the Articles were signed and executed.—Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lie in Bed as long as I please in the Morning: *With all my Heart, Madam, says he, provided I may get up when I please.*

A termagant Sempstress coming to dun a young Fellow at his Lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his Landlady hear; she began to open

open her Quail Pipes at a great Rate; but was presently seized with a Fit of Coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a Cold, I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak. Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my Money, or I'll take the Law of you.—*Do*, says he, *then you'll be forced to hold your Tongue, for the Law allows no Body to scold in their own Cause.*

One having married a light-heel'd Wife, instead of an innocent Country Girl which he took her for, was severely rallied, upon the Discovery, by his Acquaintance. Among the rest, a young Lady having been very severe with him, he call'd to her Lover, who was present, saying, Sir, take off your Wasp, I'll have a Fly-flap else.—*You'll have Occasion for it*, says she, *your Wife has been blown upon.*

Count Gondemar, the Spanish Ambassador here, in Queen Elizabeth's Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord St. Alban's, whom he lived in no good Terms with, wishing him a merry *Easter*. My Lord thank'd the Messenger, and said he could not requite the Count better, *than by wishing him a good Pass-over.*

When Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary Man: Ay, says the Captain, prithee what's he? *A Butcher*, Sir, replies the Serjeant, *and your Honour will have double Service of him, for we had two Sheep-stealers in the Company before.*

A harmless Country Fellow having commenced a Suit against a Gentleman that had beat down his Fences, and spoiled his Corn; when the Assizes grew near, his Adversary bribed his only Evidence to keep out of the Way: Well, says the Fellow, I'm resolved I'll up to Town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his Landlord, who was an Attorney, prithee what
Good

Good will that do you, if the Man keeps out of the Way? *Why, Sir, says the poor Fellow, I have heard you say, the King could make a Man A PEER, at any Time.*

When the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of Roquelaure, Stand farther off, *Roquelaure, for you stink.* The Duke replied, *I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I.*

A wild young Fellow that had spent his Fortune, being ask'd what he intended to do with himself? said, He designed to go into the Army. How can that be, says one, you are a *Jacobite*, and can't take the Oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I can't take Orders, because I am an *Atheist*. I ask your Pardon, replied the other, *I did not know the Strength of your Conscience so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.*

A melting Sermon being preach'd in a Country Church, all the Congregation fell a weeping but one Man; who being ask'd why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

A noble Duke, who stammer'd so much that he was oblig'd to have a Servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, ask'd a Clergyman at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam's* Ass spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said. To which the Parson pleasantly answer'd, that *Balaam* stutter'd, and his Ass spoke for him.

The same noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? *Really,* said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking upon your Lordship.*

A Lady's

A Lady's Age happening to be question'd, she affirm'd it was but Forty, and call'd to a Gentleman, who was in Company, to deliver his Opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say, I am but Forty? I'm sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten Years.

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent Air; Well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labours. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

A young *Grecian* being shewn to the Emperor *Augustus*, who, 'twas said, very much resembled him, ask'd the young Man, If his Mother had not been at *Rome*? No, Sir, answer'd the *Grecian*, *but my Father has.*

Apelles, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horseback, brought it as a Present to that Prince; who not bestowing that Praise upon it as so excellent a Piece deserved, *Apelles* desired a living Horse might be brought, who, moved by Nature, fell to prancing and neighing, as tho' the Picture had been really a living Creature of the same Species: Hereupon *Apelles* told *Alexander*, *That his Horse understood painting better than himself.*

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay conceal'd for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy? Resolutely answer'd, I have hid him. This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture; and will that do, Sir? says the Lady. Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word

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for it. *Then, says she, I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer charmed her Enemies, and turn'd aside the King's Resentment.

A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, desir'd the Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying of the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives, and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses after them; at which the Host surprized, enquired the Reason of it. *Nay, nothing,* replied the Gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down, I thought you had a mind to sup below.*

A well experienc'd Fellow, having (as he thought) newly married a Maid; the much desired Wedding-Night was come, and when he was in Bed with his simpering Bride, he began to attempt the taking of the Virgin Citadel; but finding so much Facility in the first Charge, he began to be in a great Passion against his Bride, and cry'd out, *You damn'd Whore, you are no Maid.* To whom she as confidently reply'd, *A Pox on you for a Whoremaster, who made you so skilful.*

An old Parson was reprehending the Gallants of the Times, saying, *Beloved, the Apparel which Men now wear, make them look like Apes in their short Breeches; and the Ladies forsooth, must have their Gowns dragging half a Yard upon the Ground, a very unseemly Sight: Now, to rectify this Disorder, you Women should take up your Coats; and you Men should let down your Breeches; that is, Women must make their Coats short, and Men their Breeches longer.*

A Gentleman

A Gentleman had often solicited his Wife's Maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*; but she deny'd it still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she would cry out: After all was done, look ye there now, said he, did I hurt ye? Well, said she, or did I cry out?

A City-Serjeant had an Action against a Gentleman at the Suit of a Taylor: He espies the Gentleman (but having forgot the Taylor's Name) and told him he had an Action against him: At whose Suit? says the Gentleman. Why, at his Suit that made your Suit, replies the Serjeant.

A Tryal for Lands being pleaded before a Chancellor, the Council on both Sides set forth their Limitations in Questions by the Plat; and one Council pleaded, My Lord, we lie on this Side; and the other said, My Lord, we lie on this Side: Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both Sides, I'll believe neither of you.

A Lady was saying, she had overthrown her Adversary; at which one of her Servants said, Ay, he took a wrong Sow by the Ear when he meddled with her Ladyship.

A Scrivener's Man, reading a Bill of Sale to his Master, said, I do demise, grant, and to farm let all my Lands, &c. but on a sudden the Cough took him; at which his Master bid him, Read on, with a Pox to you; says he, your Heirs and their Heirs for ever.

A Gentleman visiting a Man of Quality, after a very chearful Conversation, fell into a sudden Fit of the Spleen; which his Friend perceiving, ask'd him the Cause of? The Gentleman answered, Alas! Sir, I am the most miserable of all the Sons of Men. I am very sorry, with all my Heart, reply'd the other, to hear you say so; but you are the last Man in the World I should suspect to be that Wretch you describe yourself. Ah! Sir,

rejoins the afflicted Gentleman, No-body knows what I endure : I say, again, and again, that I am the unhappiest of the Unhappy. Why, Sir, replies his Friend, I am greatly deceived in you, you see I thought you the very Reverse ; nor can I imagine, how a Gentleman of so noble a Fortune, managed with Prudence as it is ; with so charming a Woman for your Wife, so accomplished and beloved, so wondrous fair and beautiful. He would have proceeded, but was stopp'd short by the Gentleman : I allow what you say to be true, dear Sir, and that is the Misery I complain of ; my Wife is fair, and has a white —, and I love a black one : At uttering which Words he burst into Tears, and the other into a loud Laugh.

Queen Elizabeth seeing a Gentleman in her Garden, who had not felt the Effect of her Favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her Window, said to him in *Italian*, *What does a Man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of Nothing ?* After a little Pause, he answered, *He thinks, Madam, of a Woman's Promise.* The Queen shrunk in her Head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you : Anger makes dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

An honest Bacchanalian, who belong'd to a Club at the *Horn-Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, was chid by the Chairman one Night for staying so long beyond his usual Time. He begged Pardon for his Transgression, and said he had been about an *Affair of Moment*, and which that worthy Company was interested in ; in short, he had been making his Will ; and as he had left Twenty Pounds to be expended by them the Day of his Interment, he should be glad to know where they would spend it : He told them that he had order'd to be buried at *Epsom* : The Chairman said, they would Breakfast then at *Mitcham*, which was half way

way thither, and then go on and see him buried. Pray, Gentlemen, says he, if I may presume to ask such a Favour, I wish you'd oblige me so far as to let it be all drank at *Mitcham*. Your Reason, Sir, replied the Chairman? Because, says the Gentleman, I shall then have my Humour to the End; for you know I always loved to be at the last Bottle.

Some Ladies having a Petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the Door for his going in; at last the Crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the Messengers seeing, cry'd out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the Right and Left, that the Members may go in.*

King *Charles* the Second, with some of his Nobles, being a Hay-making, *Nell Gwynn* was with them, and looking upon them. Quoth the King, So *Nell*, why don't you make Hay? To which she said, if your Majesty and the Nobles will cock as much as you can, I'll spread for you all.

A clownish Gentleman, who had courted a young Lady, the Marriage being agreed upon, he espied a pretty Mare a Grazing, which he would have into the Bargain; the Gentleman being unwilling to part with his Mare, the Match broke off. A Twelvemonth after, this formal Wooer meets the Lady at a Fair, and would fain have renewed his old Acquaintance; but she, pretending Ignorance at first, said, she did not know him: No, said he, do not you know me? Why, I was once a Suitor to you. *I cry your Mercy, Sir*, said she, *now I remember you, you came a Wooing to my Father's Mare, and she is not married yet.*

Some Gentlemen being in a Tavern, as they were in the Height of their Jollity, in came a Friend of theirs, whose Name was *Samson*. *Ay*, said one, *we may be now securely merry, fearing*
neither

neither Serjeant, nor Bailiff, for though a thousand of such Philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to brain them all. Sir, replied Samson, I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of your Jaw-bones.

One was advised to venture something in a Lottery. Not I, says he, for none has Luck at it but rank Cuckolds. Come, come, said his Wife, who was standing by, Pray, my Dear, venture something; for, I am sure, then, you will have very good Luck.

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, it was along of that drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep himself sober. *With respect to your Worship*, said the Fellow, *I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

A merry drolling Fellow, who lived with a Lady that was just on the Point of Matrimony, being sent with a How-d'ye to an Acquaintance of her's, who lived a few Miles off, was ask'd how his Lady did? *Ah, dear Madam*, replied the Fellow, *She can never live long in this Condition.*

A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman; to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country joined to her's. *Ay*, says the Lady, *but his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in the City.*

A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little Thing as big as a Bastard laid to him; one that was passing by, ask'd, what was the Matter? Only, says another, an old Gentleman is apprehended upon Suspicion of *Manhood*. *Manhood*, says the former, what has he committed Murder? *Quite contrary*, replied the other; *he has committed Fornication, and got a Subject, not killed one.*

A Prince

A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employ'd in several Embassies, told him, he look'd like an Owl; *I know not, answer'd the Courtier, what I look like; but this I know, I have had the Honour several Times to represent your Majesty's Person.*

A feedy, poor half-pay Captain, who was much given to blab out every thing he heard, was told, there was but one Secret in the World he could keep, *and that was where he lodg'd.*

A Gentlewoman, who had two Gallants, growing big with Child, the Question was put, who should be the Father? When one of them who had a wooden Leg, offer'd to decide it thus; *If the Child comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it; if not, it shall be yours.*

The Standers by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-bed, told him, he should be carried to Church by four lusty proper Fellows. *I thank you, said he, but I had much rather go myself.*

A Traveller, coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire, that he burnt his Boots. An arch Wag, who sat in the Chimney-corner, cry'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently. *My Boots you mean, I suppose, says the Gentleman. No, Sir, reply'd the other, they are burnt already.*

A young Fellow, praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance, after having run over most of her Charms, he came at last to her majestic Gate, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist: Hold, says his Friend, go no lower if you love me. *But, by your leave, says the other, I hope to go lower, if she loves me.*

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd
the

the Serjeant, *why he could not as well have struck him with the blunt End of his Halbert? So I would*, said he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chambermaid, turn'd her away, saying, Hussy, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you; *I hired you to do your own Business, not mine.*

An Officer in the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, tipp'd overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summon'd to sit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning Home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se*? *Ay, ay*, says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, he fell into the Sea sure enough.

Sir *William D'Avenant* the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Mews* one Day, a Beggar-woman follow'd him, saying, God preserve your Eye-sight. Why, good Woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight? *Ah! dear Sir*, answer'd the Woman, *if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.*

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordship desir'd to write a Copy of Verses on a Shrew. *I can't imagine*, said the Chaplain, *why your Lordship shou'd want a Copy, who have so good an Original.*

A young Gentleman, playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he laid hold on her Petticoats, ran into the next Room, where there was a Bed. *Now, Madam*, said he, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door, you Fool*, said she.

It

It is certainly the most transcendent Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love from an adored Mistress. A young Gentleman, having had great Misfortunes, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduc'd, even to the want of five Guineas; to which she reply'd, I'm glad of it with all my Heart! Are you so, Madam, says he? suspecting her Constancy: Pray, for what Reason? *Because*, said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punster, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of *January*, being King *Charles's* Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation* Tavern on *Holbourn-Hill*, where finding the Door shut, they knock'd. One of the Drawers peeping through a little Wicket, ask'd, what they wou'd please to have? Have, says *Daniel*, open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer answer'd, his Master would not allow of it, for it was a Fast. *D—n your Master*, reply'd he, *for a precise Coxcomb; is he not contented to fast himself, but must make his Doors fast too?*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country, where he resided, caus'd a large Causeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by, said, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven.* *Very true*, reply'd the Doctor, *for if it had, I should have wonder'd to meet your Lordship here!*

A Gentleman was saying one Day at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, when it rain'd excessive hard, that it put him in Mind of the General Deluge. *Zoons*, Sir, says an old Campaigner that stood by, *Who's that?* I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe*, but him.

Some Gentlemen, coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cry'd, Have a Light,
L Gentlemen?

Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company. *Bless you, Master,* reply'd the Boy, *I can find the Way in the Dark— Shall I light your Worship thither?*

A few Days before the Battle of *Fontenoy*, a Party of Hussars, who were foraging, met with a Party of *French* Horse, who came to reconnoitre, upon which a Skirmish ensu'd; but the *French* being soon put to flight, were pursu'd by the Hussars. The *French* Officer, richly dress'd, and better mounted than the rest, soon left them all behind, except one Hussar, who having a good Horse under him, kept close at his Heels; when the Officer thought he was out of Danger, he look'd back, and finding he had but one Enemy to contend with, boldly turn'd his Horse, and fir'd at him; but the intrepid Hussar advanc'd, without touching his Pistols, tho' his Antagonist had fir'd twice. The *Frenchman*, having no more Powder and Balls, surrender'd himself Prisoner; and as they were returning, the Officer told him, he was a bold Fellow; and ask'd him, why he did not fire in his own Defence? To which the Hussar pleasantly reply'd, *'Twas for your Coat I follow'd you so close, and perhaps, had I fir'd, I should have made a Hole in it.*

A Clergyman of great Openness and Sincerity, being made one of the King's Chaplains, the Queen told him, that she was very glad that so honest a Man, and one that wou'd not be afraid to speak the Truth, was come to Court; and at the same Time begg'd, that he wou'd, without any Scruple, tell her her Faults. Upon which, the Doctor, without any Ceremony, charg'd her with being covetous. Well, Doctor, says she, now tell me another. No, quoth the Doctor, *your Majesty must mend that first.*

Czar Peter, when he was in *Holland*, hearing there was a Man then in Confinement, who had been

been three Times tortur'd, but in vain, to make him discover his Accomplices; and being amaz'd at his Fortitude, had the Curiosity to see him, and accordingly went to his Cell, when he discover'd who he was to the Prisoner, and told him that he was surpriz'd how any Man cou'd have the Courage to suffer what he had done, and was still likely to do, when by a Confession he might free himself; and at the same Time desir'd that he would tell him for his own Satisfaction, whether he had any Accomplices or not, and promis'd, on the Word of a King, that it shou'd never go any farther. The Prisoner, looking at the Czar with a steady Countenance, said, in a solemn Manner, *Can your Majesty keep a Secret?* The Czar reply'd, Yes, I can. *And so can I, quoth the Prisoner.*

As the King of France was passing over the Pont-neuf at Paris, on a Winter's Day, he saw a Gascoon very thinly clad, looking into the Water; and riding up to him, ask'd him, if he was not cold? Upon which the Gascoon answer'd, *No, an't please your Majesty; and if you'd do as I do, you wou'd not be cold neither. How is that, says the King? Why wear all your Cloaths at once, reply'd the Gascoon.*

A Man who had the Character of a great Penitent, us'd to divert himself now and then by beating his Wife. One of his Neighbours, being offended at this Act of Cruelty, ask'd him, how he cou'd reconcile this sort of Behaviour with that Repentance which he so much profess'd? To which the good Man made Answer, You must know, Neighbour, I have a very bad Memory, and therefore take this Method to rub it up; for whenever I beat her, she is sure to reproach me with all the Ill I ever did in my Life.

An Italian was accused for marrying five Wives, when being carried before the Judge, he was asked

why he had married so many? He answered, *in order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

Some People discoursing about the Damage Rome had received, by the overflowing of the Tyber, a certain sprightly Wit said, the Romans shou'd pray to God, *that the Tyber might be always sick, since he never left his Bed, without doing a deal of Mischief.*

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, being on-board the Ship call'd the *Hector*, where the Captain making him merry with Punch, insomuch, as he was very full of Poetry, he salutes the Captain with these Lines;

*Most noble Hector, and thou Son of Priam,
I wish thou wert but half so drunk as I am.*

When my Lord-President of the Council came first to be Lord-Treasurer, he complained to my Lord-Chancellor of the Troublesomeness of the Place, because the Exchequer was empty. The Lord-Chancellor answer'd; My Lord, be of good Cheer, *now you see the Bottom of your Business at first.*

A Fellow walking the Street in a Winter Night, and seeing a handsome Lanthorn hang out with a Candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the Servants seeing him, ask'd him, What he meddled with the Lanthorn for? I crave Mercy, says he, I was only going to snuff the Candle, that I might see to go along.

An old Lawyer, having his Eye upon a fair Maid, comes to her, and proposes his Business, which the Maid not relishing, asked him what he was: *I am sweet Heart,* says he, *a Civil Lawyer.* A Civil Lawyer, Sir, says she: If Civil Lawyers be such Uncivil Men as you are, I wonder what other Lawyers are.

A Gentleman

A Gentleman being sent for to the Sign of the Horns in Cat-Eaton-Street, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the House, asked of a young Man that stood at the Door, *Pray where is the Sign of the Horns?* (The Gentleman at the same Time stood under the Sign) upon which the Lad replied, Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your Head.

A Gentleman riding along, had a Dog named Cuckold, which run after a Bitch, into an Entry: Then said he, a Cuckold, a Cuckold; the Woman came out, and said, he was a Knave to call her Husband Cuckold; No, said he, I don't call him, I call my Dog; the more Knave you, said she, to call a Dog by a Christian Body's Name.

A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take Coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, He said, he had obeyed his Orders. How then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I knew my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.*

Tom. Warner, the late Publisher of Newspapers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending her Maid to enquire how he did, he bid the Girl tell her Mistress: That he hoped he was going to the *New Jerusalem*. Ay, dear Sir, said she, *I dare say the Air of Islington would do you more Good.*

A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the Trial, the Judge asked, if she made any Resistance? *I cry'd out, and please you,*
my

my Lord. *Ay*, says one of the Witnesses, *but that was Nine Months after.*

A *Westminster* Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at *Young Man's* Coffee-house, *Charing-Cross*, the Driver demanded Eighteen-pence as his Fare. The Justice ask'd him, if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money. The Man said, He would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I'm a Magistrate*; and pulling the Book out of his Pocket, administered the Oath, and then gave the Fellow his Six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit.*

The late Earl of S—— kept an *Irish* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls as the most learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge, the Judge in return sent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon Teague's Back, as he was carrying them Home, he set down the Basket, and opened the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter, Why Teague, said my Lord, *I find* there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter, for they are all *lost* out of the Basket.

The same Nobleman going out one Day, called Teague to the Side of his Chariot, and bade him tell Mr. *Such-a-one*, if he came, that he should be at Home at Dinner. But when my Lord was got a-cross the Square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and called to the Coachman to stop; upon which my Lord, pulling the String, desired to know what Teague wanted: My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. *Such-a-one*, if he came,

came, that you would dine at Home; *but what must I say if he don't come.*

A drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin to the Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. *What a Pox,* said the Fellow, *will neither my own Word, nor the Word of God pass with you.*

In Eighty-eight, when Queen Elizabeth went from Temple-Bar along Fleet-street, on some Procession, the Lawyers were ranged on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other; says the Lord Bacon, then a Student, to a Lawyer that stood next him, *Do but observe the Courtiers; if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law.*

Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in Drury-Lane, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle-Gallery; the first Musick play'd, which they liked well enough; then the Second and Third, to their great Satisfaction: At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other. *Come, Hodge, let's be going, mayhap the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own: That at St. Alban's there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserved for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. Alban's, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story.

Look

Look ye there now, said he, you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.

A Country Fellow in *Charles the Second's* Time, selling his Load of Hay in the *Hay-market*, two Gentlemen, who came out of the *Blue Posts*, were talking of Affairs; one said, That Things did not go right, the King had been at the House, and prorogued the Parliament. The Countryman coming Home, was asked, What News in *London*? *Odd's-heart*, said he, *there's something to do there; the King has, it seems, berogued the Parliament sadly.*

One losing a Bag of Money of about 50 *l.* between the *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fixed a Paper up, offering 10 *l.* Reward to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which the Person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

Two Brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous Crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him. *Good People*, says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a Pair of Spectacles.*

It was an usual Saying of King *Charles II.* That Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses. The following Story is somewhat an Instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on Pay-Day, desired to borrow twenty Shillings of him. The monied Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half-Crown thrusting its
Head

Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again ; but then an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as his Half-Brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale ; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, Here *Jack*, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid, *what a Pox signifies counting it.*

Villars, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, in the Time of *Charles II.* was saying one Day to Sir *Robert Vynar*, in a melancholy Humour, I'm afraid, Sir *Robert*, I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World. Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir *Robert*, there is another Thing more terrible, that you have Reason to apprehend ; which is, *That you will live a Beggar, at the Rate you go on.*

An *English Gentleman* ask'd Sir *Richard Steel*, who was an *Irishman*, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls ? *Faith !* says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland ; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he wou'd do the same.*

The Lord *Jefferies* pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge ; a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very strongly ; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Harkee, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet ! What have you for swearing ? To which the Countryman reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

An *Irish Lawyer* of the Temple, going to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole : Gone to the *Elephant and Castle*, where you may find me. And if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer, and he shall read it for you.

It being prov'd on a Trial at *Guild Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*; *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allow'd an Inch, has taken an I.*

Mr. *Congreve*, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they pass'd by *Peterborough-House*, at *Mill-bank*, that House had sunk a Story. No, Friend, says he, *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.*

It was ask'd in Company, where Lord C——d was present, whether the *Piers* of *Westminster-Bridge* were to be of Wood or Stone? Oh! says his Lordship, *of Stone to be sure; for we have too many wooden Peers already at Westminster.*

A Country Fellow just come up to *London*, and peeping into every Shop he pass'd by, at last look'd into a *Scrivener's*; where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, cou'd not imagine what was sold there, and calling to the Clerk, said, Pray Sir, what do you sell? *Loggerheads*, cry'd the other. *Do you so*, answer'd the Countryman? *Egad! You have a special Trade then; for I see you've but one left.*

The Lord N——h and G——y, being at an Assembly at the Theatre Royal in the *Hay-market*, told Mr. *Heidegger*, he wou'd make him a Present of 100 l. if he wou'd produce him an uglier Face than his, within a Year and a Day. Mr. *Heidegger* instantly fetch'd a Glass, and presenting it to his Lordship, said, *he did not doubt, but he had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

One asking a Painter, how he cou'd paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? He reply'd, *Because I make the first in the Day-light, and the other in the Dark.*

Colonel ***** who made the fine Fire-works in *St. James's-Park*, upon the Account of the Peace of *Ryswick*, being in Company with some Ladies;

Ladies; and highly commending the Epitaph, just then set up in *Westminster-Abbey*, to the Memory of Mr. *Purcell*, namely,

*He is gone to that Place, where only his own
Harmony can be exceeded.*

One of the Ladies said, The same Epitaph may serve for you, Sir, by altering only one Word,

*He is gone to that Place, where only his own
Fire-works can be exceeded.*

A young Woman having newly din'd, in the Heat of Summer, desir'd her Husband to tumble with her upon the Bed; he perceived her Meaning, but being as full of Ice, as she was of Fire, told her the *Dog-days* were very unwholesome for that Recreation. At Night, being in Bed, she desir'd her Husband to lie closer, for though, said she, there be *Dog-days*, yet I never heard of *Dog-nights*.

A Chandler having had some Candles stole, one bid him be of good Cheer; for in a short Time, says he, *I am confident they'll all come to light.*

One said Players were idle Fellows: Says another, you are mistaken, for their whole Life is nothing but Action.

In a great Storm at Sea when all expected to be cast away, they went all to Prayers, and just as they were at Prayers, a Boy falls out a laughing heartily; the Captain asked him his Reason for it, especially at that Time? Why truly, Sir, says the Boy, I laugh at that Man's fiery Nose there, to think what a hissing it will keep by and by, when it comes into the Water.

A Proctor of *Oxford*, met a Maid at Twelve o'Clock at Night; and asked her, What she was? She said, a Scholar: What! a Scholar in Woman's

Apparel, said he ! Yes, said she, I have answered under Batchelor already.

The *French* Ambassador dining with King *James*, the King in Mirth drank a Health to him, saying, *The King of France drinks a Health to the French King.* Upon which the Ambassador reply'd, My Master is a good Lieutenant, *for he holds France well for your Majesty.* No, says the King, *He holds it from me.* Truly, Sir, said the Ambassador, *it is no farther from you than it was.*

A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him about laying out his Money so fruitlessly. *Pray, Neighbour,* says he, *ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I will set mine on Fire.*

An *Irishman*, whom King *Charles II.* had some Respect for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, one Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty ask'd him, How his Wife did ? who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* on her Backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, replied *Teague*, she's like to do well, but the Surgeon says, *It will be an Eye-sore as long as she lives.*

Master *Johnny*, sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like, took the Liberty unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he should have done. At which, the poor Creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else.* Ay, Child, said he, *I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.*

King

King Charles II. being in Company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: *No, Faith, says Killigrew, I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him: Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a Fit; on his Recovery, the Doctor offered the Chalice to him. *Indeed, cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't; I can't upon my Word.*

A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having promised, one Time or other, to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, Now, Madam, says he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worth and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your Mind's ever running on your Belly: *No, says he, 'tis sometimes running o'yours, you see.*

A certain Lady to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of her's, *Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it!*

A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail-Shot; one of which mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in; who cried, *D'ye call, Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen, says one of the Standers by, no, they don't call, Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal as fast as they can.*

An

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• An amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a married Woman. Pray, Sir, be quiet, said she, I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold. No, Madam, replied he, *but you will, I hope.*

One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution, said to his Friend, *Prithee let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's bent upon it.*

Dr. Ratcliffe, who was not the *humblest* Man in the World, being sent for by Sir Edward Seymour, who was said to be one of the *proudest*; the Knight received him while he was dressing his Feet, and picking his Toes, being at that Time troubled with a *Diabetes*, and upon the Doctor's entering the Room, accosted him in this Manner: *So Quack*, said he, *I'm a dead Man, for I piss sweet.* Do you, replied the Doctor, *then prithee piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnably*; and so turning round on his Heel, went out of the Room.

A wild Gentleman having pick'd up his own Wife, in Disguise, for a Mistress, the Man to keep his Master in Countenance, got to Bed to the Maid too. In the Morning, when the Affair was discovered, the Fellow was oblig'd, in Atonement for his Offence, to make the Girl Amends by marrying her. *Well*, says he, *little did my Master and I think, last Night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.*

One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, ask'd, What Estate she had? *Oh*, says another, *a very good Estate in Tail.*

Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, If she would have him? *Faith*, no John, says she, *but you may have me, if you will.*

A famous

A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married, without being able to get his Wife with Child; one said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replied she, *only he cannot Multiply*.

An arch Boy being at a Table where there was piping hot Apple-pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? Only said he, because it is just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grandmother died this Day Twelve-month. Phoo, said the other, is that all? So, whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer, ask'd him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you*, said he, *because you were not hang'd, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died*.

A Cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had killed a Wild-Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; upon which his Master call'd to him, and ask'd him, what he was afraid of, the Boar's Guts were out; *No Matter for that*, said he, *his Teeth are in*.

A Person was once try'd at *Kingslon* before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for having two Wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief Evidence against him. After much calling for him, Word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. *No*, says his Lordship, *why then all I can say is, Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher*.

A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths; one said to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares.

Cares. How o, said the Gentleman? *Because,* said the other, *you have nothing left to take Care of.*

A worthy old Gentleman in the Country having employ'd an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in *London*, he was greatly surpriz'd, on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the *honest* Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was *fair and reasonable*: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and Four-pence for going to *Southwark*, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that, Sir? *Oh, Sir,* said he, *that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carrier's, that you sent me for a Present out of the Country.*

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person ask'd him, What he had under his Cloak? To which the Philosopher answer'd, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

When his late Majesty, in coming from *Holland*, happened to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the Captain of the Yacht cried to the Chaplain, In five Minutes more, Doctor, we shall be with the Lord; *The Lord forbid*, answered the Doctor.

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said, to some Gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got, I'll banter him a little. *Doctor,* said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass.* *Why, really, Sir,* replied the Parson, *the King has made*

made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride.

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming Home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at a Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logic* and *Arithmetic*, he cou'd prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why, this cried the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one, you know, make *three*. *Since you have made it out so well*, answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself for your great Learning.*

A young Spark dining at a Friend's House, and having promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon, but being obliged to stay and play at Cards, he sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whispered him, that when he came back, he might deliver his Answer before the Company aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman: Accordingly away went his Servant, and being called in on his Return, Well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at Home? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Man. And what said he, replied the Master? That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his Hood and Manteel to go to the Play*, Sir, said the Footman.

A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Council to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring Contempt. And why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in? How should I draw your Answer, cried the Lawyer, 'till I know what you can swear? *Pox on your Scruples*, replied the Client, *prithee, do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

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A Country

A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head, going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps a Farmer; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you do, Goody Such-a-one?* and I'll answer, *Thank you Neighbour, How do you?* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such-a-one?* I'll say, *Thank you.* Oh! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman; then they'll say, *Your Servant, Madam;* but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the sudden Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog, and her Husband.

A Countryman driving an Ass by St. James's-Gate one Day, which being dull and restive, he was forced to beat it very much; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly: *Oh, dear Sir,* said the Countryman, *I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.*

A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, ask'd her, Who was the Father of it? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he get it, said the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, answered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did you not cry out, said the Lady? Indeed, Madam, replied the other, *I made no Noise for fear of awaking you.*

One

One *Irishman* meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old Acquaintance *Patrick Murphey*? *Arrah, now, dear Honey*, answer'd the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he saved his Life by dying in Prison.*

One Day, a Person who had been a long Time dependent upon the Duke of *Buckingham*, begg'd his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Matter more home upon the Duke, told him, *that he had nobody to depend upon, but God and his Grace.* Then, says the Duke, you are in a miserable Way; for you cou'd not have pitch'd upon any two, who have less Interest at Court.

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Carp, observ'd some of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan; which much surprising *Teague*, said he, *Of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, this same Carp will live the longest, after it is dead.*

In *Queen Anne's* Reign, the Lord B—— married three Wives, who were all his Servants. A Beggar-woman, meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curt'sey: *Ah! Godalmighty bless you*, said she, *and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

Daniel Purcel, who had the Character of a famous Punster, was desir'd by an Acquaintance one Night, to make a Pun Extempore. Upon what Subject? says *Daniel*. The King, answer'd the other. *Oh! Sir*, said he, *the King's no Subject.*

Diogenes begging, as was the Custom of many Heathen Philosophers, ask'd an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, I see you know your Business; where you find a generous Person, you will make the most of him. No, said *Diogenes*, *but I design to beg of the rest again.*

Colonel *Bond*, who was one of King *Charles* the First's Judges, died a Day or two before *Oliver*; and it was every where strongly reported, that *Cromwell* was dead. *No*, said a Gentleman that knew better, *he has only given Bond to the Devil for his further Appearance.*

Some Men and their Wives, who all liv'd on the same Side of a Street, being merry-making at a Neighbour's House; said one of the Husbands, It's reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one. Soon after, his Wife being thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. *No*, said she, *I'm only considering who that one can be.*

A wild young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desir'd leave to toast the D——l. The Gentleman who sat next him, said, *he had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.*

A wise Mayor, with his discreet Wife, went to see the Queen's Ape; as they came in, the Ape catch'd at his Wife, and made Mouths at her; but the Mayor told the Ape he was an unmannerly Gentleman, to mock an ancient Woman, as his Wife was, and a Midwife too, and one old enough to be his Mother.

A Gentleman meeting the King's Jester, asked, What News? Why, Sir, reply'd he, there are forty thousand Men risen To-day. I pray, to what End, said the other, and what do they intend? Why to go to Bed again at Night, said he.

A virtuous Lady being once in a musing Vein, sat with her Legs pretty wide; said her Husband, Sweetheart, your Cabinet stands open. Say you so, said she, Why don't you lock it then? For I am sure none keeps the Key but yourself.

Killigrew, the famous Jester to King *Charles II.* having been at *Paris* about some Business, went from

from thence to *Versailles*, to see the *French King's* Court ; and being known there to several of the Courtiers who had been at the *English* Court ; one of them took Occasion to tell the *French King*, that *Killigrew* was one of the wittiest Men in *England* : Upon which, the *French King* desired to see him, which he did : But *Killigrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seemingly so, spoke but very little ; and that little he did speak was so little to the Purpose, that the *French King* told the Nobleman that had commended him for such a Wit, that he look'd upon him as a very dull Fellow ; but the Nobleman assured the King, that (whatever he thought of him) *Killigrew* was a very witty and ingenious Man : Whereupon the King was resolved to make a further Trial of him, and took him into a great Gallery, where there was Abundance of fine Pictures ; and, among the rest, shewed him the Picture of *Christ* upon the Cross, and asked him if he knew what that was ? But *Killigrew* made himself very ignorant, and answered, No : Why, said the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know ; this is the Picture of our Saviour on the Cross, and that on the right Side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own : Whereupon *Killigrew* reply'd, I humbly thank your Majesty for the Information you have given me ; for tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

One wondering there were so many Pickpockets in *London*, seeing there's a Watch at every Corner ; Pugh, said another, they'd as willingly meet with a Watch as any thing else.

A Gentleman had a blind Harper playing before him while it was pretty late ; at last he commands his Man to light the Harper down Stairs : To whom the Servant replied, Sir, the Harper is blind :

blind: Why, you ignorant Loggerhead, says his Master, has not he more Need of Light?

Mr. Ogle being at *Locket's Ordinary*, where he was playing at Hazard with a great many Lords, he had very good Luck at Gaming amongst them; therefore he ordered a Porter to go up and down the Streets, and bring to him as many poor People as he could get; who in a little Time brought in upwards of an hundred Beggars: Whereupon, Ogle ordered them a Shilling a-piece in Meat and Drink. By that Time they had made an End of their Allowance, Mr. Ogle had broke all the Persons of Quality; discharging the Mumpers Reckoning, and giving them Six-pence a-piece besides. As he was going into *Spring-Gardens* he met the Duke of *Monmouth*, who asked Ogle where he had been? Been, quoth he; why I have been fulfilling the Scripture. Quoth the Duke, I believe you know nothing of the Matter. No matter for that, said Ogle, but *I have fed the Hungry, and the Rich I have sent empty away.*

A great Officer in *France* was in Danger of losing his Place; but his Wife, by her Suit, made his Peace: Whereupon, a pleasant Fellow said, that the Officer had been crush'd, but that he saved himself upon his Horns.

A Gentleman being choaked with a Honeycomb, his Friends began to bemoan him. *Why make you such Lamentation?* said a witty Person, *Never Man had a sweeter Death.*

One seeing a great Heap of Stones in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, said to his Friends, *I wish I had some of those Stones at Home.* Why, what would you do with them? said the other. *Why*, said he, *with those Stones I would build a Brick-Wall round my House.*

One was asking another, How such a Person liv'd in these hard Times? To which the other answer'd,

answer'd, *By his Wits. I wonder, says the other, how he can live upon so small a Stock.*

An honest *Welch* Carpenter, coming out of *Cardiganshire*, got Work in *Bristol*, where, in a few Months, he had saved, besides his Expences, about *Twelve Shillings*; and with this prodigious Sum of Money, returning into his own Country, when he came upon *Mile-Hill*, he look'd back on the Town: *Ah, poor Pristow*, said he, *if one or two more of hur Countrymen were to give hur such another Shake as hur has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed.*

When the late Lord *L—ch—re* and *Ca—d—n* had a Rencounter in the Upper Park, the first coming Home to his Lady, told her what had happened, and said, He was sure he was touched by my Lord *C——n's* Sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no Wound or Prick about him; upon which, the good Lady, searching very diligently, told him, *She saw but one, and that was a very small one, at the Bottom of his Belly.*

A poor ingenious Lad, who was a Servitor at *Oxford*, not having wherewithal to buy a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes, upon which, being banter'd by some of his Companions, *Why should they not be capp'd*, said he, *I am sure they are FELLOWS.*

When poor *Daniel Button* died, one of his punning Customers being at his Burial, and looking on the Grave, cried out, *This is a more lasting Button-Hole, than any made by a Taylor.*

A Parson in his Sermon having vehemently inveighed against Usury, an said, That lending Money upon Use was as great a Sin as *Wilful Murder*; having some time Time after an Occasion to borrow twenty Pounds himself, and coming to
one

one of his Parishioners with that Intent: the other ask'd him, If he would have him guilty of a Crime he had spoke so much against, and lend out Money upon Use. No, said the Parson, I would have you lend it *Gratis*. *Ay*, replied the other, *but in my Opinion, if lending Money upon Use be as bad as Wilful Murder, lending it Gratis can be little better than Felo-de-se.*



CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 **W** H Y is Marriage like a Curtain?
Because it serves for a Blind.
- 2 Why is a Lady on her Wedding-Day like a Man in an Error?
Because she is Miss-taken.
- 3 Why is a Publican like a Musician?
Because his Works are in Score.
- 4 Which has most Legs, a Horse, or no Horse?
No Horse. *For a Horse has but four Legs, no Horse has five.*
- 5 Why have old Women a Smack of the Golden Age.
Because Acorns are primitive Fruit.
- 6 Why is a Gun like a Woman?
Because there's an Apron over the Touch-hole.
- 7 Why are rich Men of this Age poor?
Because they don't know how to live.
- 8 Why is Britain like a Child?
Because every Rattle amuses and diverts it.
- 9 Why is a kept Mistress like a Rudder?
Because she has her Rake.
- 10 Why is a Fop like a Steeple?
Because the Belles hang in him.
- 11 Who was the first that bore Arms?
Adam.
- 12 Tobit went out, and his Dog with him, he went not before, behind, nor on one Side of him. Then where did he go?
On t'other Side.
- 13 Why may the Distillers be sad?
Because the British Spirits are gone quit out.
- 14 Why are Rochester's Works like a Chimney Sweeper?
Because they are Smutty?

15 Why

- 15 Why are the Beaux both light and heavy?
Because they are Feathers and Lead.
- 16 Why are young Girls like an old crazy Ship?
Because they want breaking up.
- 17 Why is a sordid King like a Papist?
Because he inclines to a-mass.
- 18 Why is Betty St—— like a Cistern?
Because she requires to be tightly plug'd.
- 19 Why is Opposition like a Curb-Bridle?
Because it corrects a head-strong Horse.
- 20 Why are brave Men like Sweet-meats?
Because they Can-dy.
- 21 Which is the wonderful Plant?
That which grows in the Hand.
- 22 Why are sleepy Eyes like Amber?
Because they draw Straws.
- 23 Why are some great Men like Glow-Worms?
Because it must be dark indeed when they shine.
- 24 Why are Men like Timber?
Because they often Prop-a-gate.
- 25 Why are forward Girls like a lucky Merchant?
Because their Commodities have an early vent.
- 26 Why is Lady L—— easily penetrated?
Because she is too open.
- 27 Where should a Lady clap her Hands, if a Man should enter a Room when she was quite naked?
On the Man's Eyes.
- 28 What is that which God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a Soul to be sav'd?
A Cuckold.
- 29 Which is best, a Shoulder of Mutton, or Heav'n?
A Shoulder of Mutton. For nothing is better than Heav'n, and a Shoulder of Mutton is better than nothing.

- 30 Why are Patty C——'s Breasts like a shrewd
Tongue?
Because they are provoking.
- 31 Which is comparatively best, a Cup of Purl,
or a Mutton Chop.
A Mutton Chop. *Because a Cup of Purl is but
a Sup, and a Mutton-Chop is a Sup-per, or a
Cup of Purl; because a Mutton-Chop is but a
Bit, and a Cup of Purl is bitter.*
- 32 Why is Quin like Solomon?
*Because he divides the Town, as Solomon did
the Child?*
- 33 Why is Mrs. W——n like Waller the Poet?
*Because she caught at Love, and filled her Arms
with Bays.*
- 34 Why are Free-Masons like an old Maid?
Because their Joke is stale.
- 35 Why is Beau N—— like my A—— in a Band-
Box?
Because he is a Droll Sight.
- 36 Why is Fanny M—— like a Serjeant at
Arms?
Because she takes unruly Members into Custody.
- 37 Why is a Boy on Shrove-Tuesday like a pretty
Girl?
*Because he no sooner sets up a Cock, but he knocks
him down.*
- 38 What does a Woman delight to see?
A Yard at her Fore-Door.
- 39 Why is an ordinary Face in a Woman, like
the Quarters of a Ship stoutly fitted.
Because the upper Parts defend the Hatches.
- 40 Why is Sir J—— L—— to be commended
for taking up with a Negro Girl the Night
after his Wife dy'd?
*He made haste to put his Wife's favourite Servant
in Mourning.*

- 41 Why was Lady ——— confounded at a certain Thing slipping from her?
Because it was no sooner out than she wish'd it in again.
- 42 Why are grey Hairs such a Prejudice to the Ladies?
Because when it Snows on the Hills, it is generally bitter Cold in the Vallies.
- 43 Why does not V—— get more into his Wife's Soul.
Because he does not get more into her Body.
- 44 Why is the Countess of Y—— like a first Minister of State.
Because she acts immediately under his M——.
- 45 When is a Girl's most taking Motion?
When she is pricked forward.
- 46 What is that which God never sees, Kings seldom see, but thou Reader, often seest.
An equal.
- 47 Why is a Prime Minister like a May-pole?
Because it is a high Post.
- 48 Why is swearing like an old Coat?
Because 'tis a bad Habit.
- 49 Why is a Grave-digger like a Waterman?
Because he handles Sculls.
- 50 Why is a second Horse in a Race, like the Main-mast of a Ship?
Because he is next the Fore-mast.
- 51 Why is a Barrel of Beer, almost drawn out, like a Country Waggon?
Because it is tilted.
- 52 Why is my Lord Mayor like an Almanack?
Because he serves but a Year.
- 53 Why is thy Wig, Reader, like a Butcher's Shop?
Because there's a Calf's-Head in it.
- 54 Why is a Man Fishing, like a Pair of Breeches?
Because he has a Line-in.

- 55 Why is a silly Fellow like a Feather-Bed?
Because he is soft.
- 56 Why is a bad Pen, like a Wicked Man?
Because he wants mending.
- 57 Why is a good Sermon like a Plumb-Pudding?
Because there's Reasons in it.
- 58 Why is Ireland like a Bottle of Wine?
Because it has a Cork in it.
- 59 Why is a Taylor like a Sprout?
Because he will Cabbage.
- 60 Why is a Cobler's-Stall like Hell?
Because there are bad Soles in it.
- 61 Why is the Moon like a Weather-Cock?
Because it often Changes.
- 62 Why is a good Play like a Ring of Bells?
Because it has Clappers.
- 63 Why is Mr. Handel like Admiral W—rr—n.
Because he's a Man of Note.
- 64 Why is a first Floor like a Lie?
Because it is a Story rais'd.
- 65 Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion?
Because she dresses well.
- 66 Why is a Crab-Tree like the Duke of Gr—ft—n?
Because it is to graft-on.
- 67 Why is a blind Man like a Buttock of Beef?
Because he is Boy-led.
- 68 Or, why like a fine Head of Hair?
Because he is Cur-led.
- 69 Why is the Archbishop of Canterbury like a Weather-Cock?
Because he's at the Head of the Church.
- 70 Why is a false Note like a Bar of Iron?
Because it is forged.
- 71 Why is a Bunch of Keys like a Head of Hair?
Because it has Locks belonging to it.

72 Why

- 72 Why is a Nobleman like a Book ?
Because he has a Title.
- 73 Why are most Poets like a Ship just launch'd ?
Because they want Rigging.
- 74 Why is an impudent Fellow like a great
 Trader ?
Because he has a great Stock.
- 75 Why is a fat Man like a Cornish Borough ?
Because he seldom sees his Member.
- 76 Why is a quarrelsome Man like Brawn ?
Because he is often collar'd ?
- 77 Why are C——— P——— Bubbies like a
 Hat ?
Because they are felt.
- 78 Why is the Sun Fire-Office like an impudent
 Fellow ?
Because it deals in Assurance.
- 79 Why is a pretty Lady like an Oat-cake ?
Because she is often toasted.
- 80 Why are Women like the deepest Part of the
 Sea ?
Because they are not easily fathom'd.
- 81 When has a Goose the most Feathers on her ?
When the Gander is upon her.
- 82 Why is an impertinent Fellow like a Water-
 man ?
Because he often puts in his Oar.
- 83 Why is a full-dress'd Lady like a Hogthead.
Because she's in a Hoop.
- 84 Why is a Man in a Passion like a Lady's
 Smock ?
Because he is Ruffled.
- 85 Why is a Woman's Face like a Mountebank ?
Because it is often in a Mob.
- 86 Why is a dead Man proud ?
Because he is stiff.
- 87 Why is a pack of Rakes like a Pack of bad
 Hounds ?
Because they are sad Dogs.

- 88 Why is a blind Man heavier than one that can see?
Because he is not so light.
- 89 Why is a Whore like a Comet?
Because she has a fiery Tail.
- 90 Why is a Woman with Child like a Gentleman?
Because she shews her Breeding.
- 91 Why are Soldiers like some Doors?
Because they are lifted.
- 92 Why are Weather-Cocks like the Sea?
Because they wave.
- 93 Why is a Saddle like a Mule?
Because 'tis between a Horse and an A—e.
- 94 Why is a Cribbage-board like a new-married Lady?
Because 'tis pegg'd up and down.
- 95 Why is a peevish Man like a Watch?
Because he is often wound up.
- 96 Why is a Parish Bell like a good Story?
Because 'tis often toll'd.
- 97 Why is *Wales* like a Neck of Mutton?
Because it is Craggy.
- 98 Why is a little Man like a good Book?
Because he's often look'd over.
- 99 Why is a crooked Woman like a brown Loaf?
Because she's made o'wry.
- 100 Why is a Sparrow like a Man with one Leg?
Because it Hops.
- 101 Why are the K—'s Servants like a Lap-dog?
Because they are seldom paid.
- 102 Why was *Cain* like a good Ringer?
Because he master'd A-bel.
- 103 Why is a Man in a Fever like a burning Candle?
Because he is light-headed.
- 104 Why is a Madman like two Men?
Because he is a Man besides himself.

105 Why

- 105 Why is the Gallows the last Refuge of a condemn'd Man?
Because he has nothing else to depend upon.
- 106 Why is a Malefactor like the Root of a Tongue?
Because he is down in the Mouth.
- 107 Why is a Bitch that has Puppies like the Father of Mankind?
Because she is A-dam.
- 108 Why does a Man turn round before he lies down?
Because he goes about to lie down.
- 109 Why is a Tavern like a Table?
Because it has Drawers in it.
- 110 Why are a Man's two favourite Servants indecently merry upon some Occasions?
Because when their Master is in Prison, the Rogues are found dancing at the Door.
- 111 Why is a Man with a bad Memory like a Covetous Man?
Because he is for-getting.
- 112 Why is a Lock like an Hospital?
Because it is full of Wards.
- 113 Why is Claret like an Oath?
Because it binds.
- 114 Why is a Man that is deceiv'd, like a Girl in Leading-Strings?
Because he is mis-led.
- 115 Why is a Cane like Sunday?
Because it hangs on some Men's Hands.
- 116 Why is a Man's Head like a Porter?
Because it is generally within Caul?
- 117 Why is a condemn'd Malefactor like a Cannon?
Because he is cast.
- 118 Why do we buy new Shoes?
Because no one will give 'em to us.

119 Why

- 119 Why is a Difficulty overcome, like a Knight
on Horse-back ?
Because it is Sir-mounted.
- 120 Why is a Man that hinders another from
killing himself, like one that permits him ?
Because he lets him.
- 121 Why is a Looking-Glass like a Philosopher ?
Because it Reflects.
- 122 Why is a Woman like a Mathematician ?
*Because she endeavours to find out the Longi-
tude.*
- 123 What is a Man like that is in the midst of a
great River, and can't Swim ?
Like to be drowned.
- 124 Why is a skittish young Horse like a coy
Girl ?
Because he is loath to be mounted.
- 125 Why is a Brewer's Horse like a Tapster ?
Because he draws Drink.
- 126 Why is a Hackney Horse like Scarlet ?
Because he is Hi-red.
- 127 Why is *Richmond* like the Letter *R*.
Because 'tis beyond Kew.
- 128 Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot ?
Because 'tis out of the Head.
- 129 What is a Man like in the midst of a Defart,
without Meat or Drink ?
Like to be starv'd.
- 130 Why is the seeing of a Sign a manifest Token
of Sight ?
Because it is a Sign you see.
- 131 Why is a Man that runs in Debt, like at
Watch ?
Because he goes a Tick ?
- 132 Why are an Army of Soldiers drawn up in
Battle Array, like a Woman's Bosom ?
Because they are a-breast.
- 133 Why is a Man drunk, like one Swimming ?
Because he's in Liquor.

- 134 Why is a poor Man like a Sempstrefs?
Because he makes Shifts.
- 135 Why is a Red-hair'd Lady like a Band of
Soldiers?
Because she bears Fire-locks.
- 136 Why is an unbound Book like a Lady in
Bed?
Because it is in Sheets.
- 137 Why is a Man in a Ship like a Kitchen:
Dresser?
Because he is a Board.
- 138 Why is a Taylor like a Sink?
Because he is a Common-Sewer.
- 139 Why are most Pieces of Villany like a Candle?
Because they are brought to light.
- 140 Why are Illuminations like the Lungs?
Because they are Lights.
- 141 Why is a Book like a Tree?
Because 'tis full of Leaves.
- 142 Why is a Lady in her Shift like the *Hague*?
Because she's in Holland.
- 143 Why is a bred Horse like an old Man?
Because he is Man-aged.
- 144 Why is a Boy that has been whipt like
George's Coffee-House?
Because he is full of Smarts.
- 145 Why is an old Woman gallanted by a
young Man, like a laced Handkerchief?
Because she is so-laced.
- 146 Why is a Man on Horse-back like a Fan?
Because he is Mounted.
- 147 Why is a Man's loosing his Life for Murder,
like a Pond newly frozen?
Because it is but Just-ice.
- 148 Why is a little Girl in Arms, like a Woman
that comes before her Time,
Because she is Miss-carried.
- 149 What old Saying is that which Women will
not believe?
Short and Sweet.

- 150 Why is it impossible to Ravish some Women?
Because they are willing.
- 151 Why is a Woman in Bed like five Five-pence
three Farthings?
Because she is under a Tester.
- 152 Why is the King of Persia like Christmas?
Because he is an Enemy to Turkey.
- 153 Why is a Fart like a double Entendre?
Because taken in two Senses.

*****!*****!*****

E P I G R A M S.

*The Waterman's Epigram, on a certain Nobleman's
House being repair'd.*

LONG on the River have I row'd,
Some Twenty Years or Thirty;
Where * * * * Earl his Backside shew'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty:
How is my Heart rejoyc'd, I cry'd,
To see how White it made is,
It cannot be my Lord's Backside,
It surely is my Lady's.

Giles Jolt and his Cart.

GILES *Jolt*, as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilfering Villains stole his Team away;
Giles waking Cries—what's here, a dickin, what!
Why how now—am I *Giles*, or am I not?
If he—I've lost six Geldings to my smart:
If not — Odsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.

Liars compar'd.

SUCH a *Liar* is *Tom*, there's no one can lie faster,
Excepting his *Maid*, and she'll *lie* with her Master.

To a bad Fidler.
OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick,
 But thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddle-stick.

*Wrote at the Request of Dr. Cox, on a favourite fat
 Lady whom he call'd Chubby.*

SALLY Dr. Cox's Chubby,
 Is nought but Belly, Bum, and Bubby.

Written on the Ivory Leaves of a Lady's Pocket-Book.

HOW bless'd! could I in Chloe's Heart,
 As in this Book, inscribe her Name!
 But wretched still, if there, as here,
 Another Fool might do the same.

*On a Gentleman who mistook a KEPT MADAM
 for a Lady of Fashion.*

SIX tedious Months young Damon sigh'd,
 In vain his amorous Tale!
 He su'd, implor'd—Cloe still deny'd,
 No Efforts could prevail.
 At Length he try'd the Pow'r of Gold—
 She soon to chide forgot;
 The fair one was no longer cold,
 But prov'd alas!—too hot.

The nearer the Bone, the sweeter the Flesh.

THE Reason is plain why honest Ned Hatton,
 Who married five Wives, wou'd ne'er chuse
 a Fat-one.

On Sir JOHN FRY.

HERE lies the Body of Sir John Fry.
 Oh! ho! does he so? There let him lie.

An Answer to CELIA.

CRIES *Celia* to a waggish Mortal, "Know
 "All is not Gold that makes a glitt'ring show."
 True, cries the Wag, thy Face wou'd be no Snare,
 "But for deceitful Colours painted there."

Words are Wind.

IF Words are Wind, as some allow,
 No Promises can bind;
 Since breaking of the strictest Vow,
 Is only breaking Wind,

*By Mr. * * * *.*

JOAN Vows, to hearten tim'rous Youth,
 She ne'er saw *Ghost*, or Thing uncivil,
 Worse than herself.—Tho' once in Truth,
Joan does believe she saw the *Devil*.

On the Duke of ARGYLE, by Mr. GAY.

ARGYLE they say has wit, for what?
 For Writing?—no; for Writing not.

On a bad Poet.

TH Y Verses are Eternal, Oh! my Friend!
 For he who reads 'em, reads 'em to *no End*.

On an ugly old Woman in the Dark.

WHILST in the Dark on thy soft Hand I
 hung,
 And heard the tempting *Syren* in thy Tongue;
 What Flames, what Darts, what anguish I endur'd!
 But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

*Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Pen-
 nance in a Church.*

HERE stand I, for *Whores* as great
 To cast a scornful Eye on;
 Should each *Whore* here, be doom'd a Sheet,
 You'd soon want one to lie on.

Sent

A Sent in a Snuff-Box.

THINK, and some useful Lessons will impart,
That when you open it, you ope my Heart;
Think, when you see this Present from your
Lover,
Yourself's the *Bottom*, and that I'm the *Cover*.

FIGHTING.

WH O in his Cups will only *Fight*, is like
The Clock that must be well, e'er it *strike*.

On TREASON.

TReason does never prosper; what's the Reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it *Treason*.

On CHLOE.

WH E N first I gaz'd on *Chloe's* Face,
And saw each killing Eye;
I thought 'twas Heav'n—and so it was;
But not for such as I.

On DRESS.

HE who a *Goldfinch* strives to make his Wife,
Makes her, perhaps, a *Wagtail* all her Life.

The Lawrel, address'd to Mr. C——r.

WH A T diff'rent Effects does the Lawrel produce?
In its Bow there is Honour, but Death in its Juice:
And since C—— has now brought its Honour so
low,
He shou'd Taste of the *Juice* for abusing the *Bough*.

The Courtier and Scholar.

A Haughty Courtier meeting in the Streets
A *Scholar*, him thus insolently greets;
Base Men to take the Wall, I ne'er permit;
The *Scholar* said, *I do*, and gave him it.

F N S.



